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52, Gower Street.



THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
Our Portrait Illustration: Lady Muriel Herbert	889, 890
Small Cultivators	890
Country Notes... ..	891
The Country in Winter. (Illustrated)	893
From the Farms	896
A Book of the Week	897
Above the Snow-line. (Illustrated)	899
Sport in Norway	900
Old Scottish Salmon-traps. (Illustrated)	901
Leaves and Flowers	903
A New Forest Church. (Illustrated)	904
In the Garden	905
Country Home: Lyme Hall. (Illustrated)	906
The Revival of the Tournament.—II. (Illustrated)	915
The Milky Way	918
The Breaking of Dogs. (Illustrated)	920
A Record-breaking Month	922
Longevity of Bats	922
Correspondence	923

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SMALL CULTIVATORS.

AN interesting account was given at the Royal Service Institution the other night, by Mr. Winfrey, of the efforts which have been made in Lincolnshire and Norfolk to replace the small cultivator on the land. He said there had not been much co-operation, except in so far as the labourers joined together to demand land, and a few owners and others combined to take what steps were possible to help them. The result can best be stated in figures. At the close of 1887, in nineteen parishes round Spalding, only 130 acres were under allotment cultivation, but in 1904 this area had increased to 1,324 acres. The Small Holdings Committee of the County Council had purchased three lots of land, with the total area of 182½ acres and let them out in small patches of two or three acres to seventy tenants. The work of the Council has been much supplemented by a small syndicate. Mr. Winfrey says that "the tenants are all men who thoroughly understand the cultivation of the soil, and who have not been failures in any walk of life." He attributes the success of the experiment partly to this and partly to the fact that the land was adapted to small holdings and lay within convenient reach of a town market. His description was extremely interesting, since it shows that what has been done in Lincolnshire can be accomplished equally well in nearly every other county in Great Britain. His own opinion is that the co-operative societies might be induced to take action in the matter. They make about eight millions a year in profit, and if they would take one of those millions and buy land with it they would soon become the greatest landowners in the country. Unfortunately for the suggestion, landowning on co-operative principles has not a very pleasant history. At the present moment we believe a little land is held in England by co-operative societies, but a great number of failures have had to be recorded. There was that tried at Trafalgar Farm in Gloucestershire, there was that tried at Wark in Northumberland by Earl Grey, there was one in Suffolk. All of

them, it is true, were rather profit-sharing than landowning experiments in co-operation, but the object was to procure for the labourer a solid interest in the soil.

We therefore hold that Mr. Winfrey has already been going on the proper lines. It is useless to attempt any heroic measures, and success is much more likely to come to those who make a fair and honest attempt to put to use the opportunities presented to them. Yet at the same time it has not to be forgotten that the partial extinction of the small holder in England was due to legislative interference. In another part of this journal reference is made to an account of agriculture in Yorkshire a hundred years ago. It will be found that there, as in every other part of England, the number of small holders was very much greater than it is at present. That, in fact, is a misleading way to put the statement. It would be nearer the truth to assert that they were five or six times as numerous as they are now. The reason for their disappearance is not, we imagine, in doubt either. The yeoman and the small tenant could get on very well as long as they had in addition to their farm rights of grazing on common-land. These, of course, were put an end to by the Enclosure Acts, and as was generally admitted at the time of their passing, these Enclosure Acts were unjust. They "stole the common from the goose" and gave nothing in return. The right of grazing, after having been inherited by one generation from another, had become a valuable asset. It was unjust to take this away without adequate compensation, and what was even worse than being unjust, it was impolitic, because the country stood in need of peasants, and it would have been worth a sacrifice to keep them there. We are not saying a word against the Act of Enclosure, but, on the contrary, believe that it had become necessary owing to the change both of Society and of methods of cultivation. But the wastes should not have been taken away without a corresponding inducement having been given to the peasant to remain in the country.

It may be asked what bearing this old grievance has upon the present difficulty, and the answer is obvious enough. The peasant requires more than ordinary commercial terms. In Denmark the legislation of the last century and a-half has made it an offence to alienate peasant land from the peasant. We in this country have pursued an exactly opposite policy, and have tried to secure seigniorial land to those who owned it. Our policy has been to prop up and keep in existence the old landowning families. That was very well in its day, but modern legislation has all been directed towards loosening the bonds that unite the family to an estate, so that the law of entail and of primogeniture should not be abused. Perhaps we might go a little farther in the same direction without loss. At any rate, the acquisition of land should be made somewhat easier to the small farmer than it is at present. The Small Holdings Acts of Mr. Chaplin have not been taken advantage of because the provisions were too stringent. They might be relaxed a little, and if they are not, there is nothing to hinder other counties following the example set by Lincolnshire. Indeed, we have nests of small holdings in nearly every part of the country, and the most satisfactory arrangement that could be arrived at would be one that increased these by voluntary means. All the same, a certain amount of wisdom and precaution needs to be exercised. Small holdings will not do on every soil and in every district. To be made profitable they must respond to intensive cultivation, and obviously light, sandy land will not do that. The first requisite of a successful small holding then is that it should consist of first-rate heavy land, such as will make it worth while to dig and manure it thoroughly. The next essential is as important as the other. It is that small holdings should always be within easy reach of a good market. To some extent the enterprise of those who make light railways and run country motors is surmounting this obstacle, and facilities for conveying fruit, vegetables, and other produce will, no doubt, be multiplied in the extreme future; but the market gardener who lives just on the outskirts even of a little town has an immense advantage over him who is at a distance, and the small cultivator is in exactly the same position. His prosperity must depend to a greater or less extent upon the sale of eggs, fowls, milk, butter, cheese, and similar products that are most conveniently sold in shops. He should, therefore, choose his holding where the shops are. Volunteers who come forward and offer to find him reasonable facilities for obtaining land in such a situation deserve well of their country.

Our Portrait Illustration.

OUR frontispiece this week is a portrait of Lady Muriel Katherine Herbert. Lady Muriel Herbert is the younger daughter of the Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery.



At last the Russo-Japanese War has entered upon a new stage. After taking the fortification called 203 Mètre Hill, the Japanese were enabled to bring heavy siege-guns to bear upon the fleet helplessly bottled up in Port Arthur. Why the commanders did not resolutely make an effort to escape to sea and die fighting we may possibly learn after the war is over. At present they seem to have offered no more than a passive resistance. However, the Russian Pacific Fleet is now finished and done with. The majority of the ruined vessels are half-submerged in the port. As we write, the only survivor, the Sevastopol, is uneasily shifting from place to place, and apparently making ready for a dash to the open; but Admiral Togo can now leave the vessels out of his reckoning and concentrate his attention on the new-comers from the Baltic. On land, General Oyama will now be able to draw reinforcements from Port Arthur and give a more vigorous attention to Kuropatkin, whose sluggish tactics still keep him facing the enemy without any serious attempt at taking the offensive.

In Russia itself the disasters of the war are having very serious consequences. All the censorship in the world has not been able to prevent the Russian people from learning the calamitous nature of the struggle. Probably even the awe in which the Czar used to be held is somewhat diminished by this plain proof that his arms are not omnipotent. At any rate, the forces of sedition, never quite at rest in the land of the Muscovite, have been encouraged to manifest themselves. Nihilist and Socialist are beginning to speak with more freedom than they dared exercise before, and in some places serious riots have resulted. It will not be surprising if one of the results of the war is to raise a revolution that will shake the autocracy under which Russia has been governed so long.

In the course of his annual visitation to the different parts of his constituency, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has had occasion to make many remarks that have no bearing on party politics, but are full of interest for the ordinary citizen. Mr. Austen Chamberlain is not an optimist in regard to finance. He sees that we are getting into a condition of things that at no distant date may end in trouble. Expenditure has been allowed to expand to an extent and at a rate never contemplated by statesmen of the older school. Income, unfortunately, is not keeping pace with it. After a period of brilliant prosperity, when the Exchequer was almost embarrassed by its surpluses, suddenly there has come a time of reaction, of listlessness, and even of suffering. Now to get together the huge Budget of modern days the predecessors of Mr. Chamberlain had well-nigh exhausted the sources of taxation. It will now be very difficult in times of bad trade to obtain the sum necessary to meet our expenses, and the worst of it, as the Chancellor of the Exchequer points out, is that every local council has imitated Parliament in this respect, and has incurred debt that is almost boundless. We might almost be described as a nation in pawn.

Unless it is welcomed by the anti-colonial party in Germany as a confirmation of their own arguments, nothing but deep-seated dissatisfaction can be aroused by the report of the German Foreign Office on the Herero Rising, and the remarks on the total expenditure, actual and probable, upon German South-West Africa which were made by the Secretary of State for the Treasury in his recent Budget speech. It has been scarcely realised in this country that the Hereros themselves only contributed to the general disturbances the second of three independent rebellions, not taking the field before the insurrection of the Bondelswart Hottentots was already nearly crushed, and handing on the flame in turn to the half-breed Witbois, who have lately risen also. If these three risings had been arranged to break out at a common moment, the position for the Germans would have been even worse than it has actually proved. Meanwhile, the present official estimate of the cost of suppressing the

risings stands at more than £6,000,000 sterling, while the prospect of the Colony ever really paying its way is remoter than ever.

A curious presage of Japanese naval aptitude is contained in the December number of the *United Service Magazine*. About the time that the Civil War in the United States was closing, the Civil War in Japan, which ended in establishing the supreme power of the Mikado, was also in its last stage. The rebels, under Admiral Enomoto, had three small war steamers. The Mikado's Government, in order to meet them, purchased from the Confederate Government a turret-ship, partly ironclad, called the *Stonewall Jackson*. This ship, with two wooden war steamers, was lying at anchor in harbour, when the rebels conceived the bold idea of carrying her off bodily. They had accurate information that no attack was expected, that the ironclad did not keep steam up, that half her crew went on shore every night, and that the decks were so lumbered up with stores that the turret guns would not be able to swing. In the middle of the night a rebel steamer came into the harbour, and coming alongside of the ironclad, the crew of the former lashed the Mikado's vessel to their own, cut her cables, and then proceeded to steam off with her out to sea, *volens volens*. They would have succeeded in this audacious enterprise, but for one thing. The lashings they had prepared, though they would have stood the strain of dragging a wooden ship, were too weak for an ironclad, and broke loose. The prize had, therefore, to be abandoned. The rebel admiral was afterwards taken prisoner, but no further punishment was inflicted than that of banishment to his estates.

RONDEAU: A WINTER NIGHT.

A winter night—a sky of nameless hue
 Strewn bright with stars; a million points of dew
 Frozen in gems of light upon the grass,
 Where in the glazing pond as in a glass
 The slender moon her crescent image drew:
 And as we wandered where the paths were few,
 Though chill the north wind down the garden blew,
 It seemed no summer noon could e'er surpass
 A winter night.
 But standing where a hedge of gloomy yew
 Hid the low-dipped Orion from our view
 The hasty words were spoken, and alas!
 Love parted from us, as the shadows pass,
 Trackless and swift—ah, then my spirit knew
 A winter night.

H. RAPHOE.

The Volunteer Fire Brigade movement has been recognised by the City Corporation, and "private teams" have been competing in the Guildhall Courtyard for a 100-guinea challenge shield. It is, perhaps, not generally known that the activities of Volunteer Fire Brigades are not regarded with unmixed joy by insurance and salvage companies. They are just a little too zealous in the work of throwing cold water! Where property, and not life, is endangered it is very important to be able to distinguish between the risks of damage by fire and the mischief caused by flooding with water. Sometimes, for example, it may be far better merely to throw as much water as will keep the flames in check while the contents of a building are rescued, and to leave the building itself to burn afterwards, than to extinguish the fire by pouring on such floods of water as would destroy entirely the contents of the building. Not long ago an omnibus caught fire, and a Volunteer Fire Brigade put it out with such zeal that the omnibus looked as if it had formed part of the conduit of a roft. water main. "Moderation in all things" is the expert fireman's motto. If the roof of a tea warehouse catches fire, it is best not to pour hundreds of tons of water on to it, and convert the whole building into one vast pot of badly-made tea!

The decision of the cricket authorities that the fifth and deciding match of the so-called "test" matches between England and Australia next season shall be played out to a finish—always presuming that a decisive balance of advantage has not been scored by either side before the fifth match is reached—introduces a principle new to the cricket of this country. Mr. Warner regards it as the "thin edge of the wedge," which shall eventually lead to the conclusion of playing all "test" matches to a finish, beyond the present three-day limit. The new departure raises at once the question whether cricket is a game to which a "test" of relative merit is strictly applicable. So many contingencies arise, from the luck of the toss, the changes of weather, and the inherent chances of the game, that it is to be questioned whether it is possible to put it to such a proof as the phrase "test match" suggests. It is a point on which opinions will be divided, but it will be at least interesting to see how the new system works, and whether it will have the ultimate result anticipated by Mr. Warner. We are disposed to doubt it, and to think that he attaches too little relative value to county cricket.

A proposal, with which we have a great deal of sympathy, has been made to lighten the load of care that lies on the back of the weary journalist. It is that during the Christmas holidays the publication of newspapers should be entirely suspended. If the public could forego the pleasure it affords them to read their paper at Yuletide, those engaged in its production would gain indeed. Probably there is no other calling in the universe that makes greater demands upon a man's energy than does that of the working journalist of Fleet Street. If he is on a daily paper, he comes to look upon Sunday as one of his hardest days, and if he be on an evening paper, he probably has something to do with a daily one or with a weekly one; so that his toil is incessant, and worries follow one another in his footsteps. It would be an act, therefore, of philanthropy to ease him of a part of his care and toil and let him have an opportunity of eating his Christmas turkey without the disturbing consciousness that while others are engaged in the mazy dance, listening to the appropriate strains of music, he will have to be searching his mind for copy.

All Germany learns with some relief that the learned horse Hans, whose accomplishments were quoted to the disadvantage of every schoolboy who could not spell or do sums, is pronounced to be less learned than he seemed. He can only answer the questions when he can see his trainer, and is believed not to be above taking advantage of being "prompted." Still, it is much to the credit of a horse to be so wonderfully attentive and observant. No one wants horses to spell or do subtraction sums, while they do want them to understand what they are required to do, and to be readily obedient—a point in which Hans excels.

At last there seems to be a prospect of the ecclesiastical crisis in Scotland coming to an end. The King has been pleased to appoint a Royal Commission to enquire into the dispute. It will consist of the Earl of Elgin, Lord Kinnear, and Sir Ralph Anstruther, Bart. We hope that a way will be found out of the difficulty, although it is doubtful if even a Royal Commission will be permitted to set aside the decision of the highest court in the country. Meanwhile, and until a settlement has been arrived at, the Secretary for Scotland has appointed Sir John Cheyne, as a Commission of one, to enquire into and deal with all questions of interim possession between the Free Church and the United Free Church.

A notable letter about the Rural Bye-laws appeared in *The Times* of Tuesday. The point of the writer, who signs himself "A County Councillor," is that the building of cheap cottages is not the only object aimed at by those who are agitating for the modification or abolition of these building regulations. He gives it as part of his personal experience that three well-known architects have been compelled to alter their original designs to conform with existing bye-laws; that is to say, they have been compelled to make alterations insisted upon by the local surveyor, a person immeasurably inferior to themselves in skill and knowledge. The writer illustrates the truth of our contention that these bye-laws cripple invention as much as enterprise, and are fatal to anything in the shape of originality in building. This is one of the weightiest arguments in favour of their complete abolition. We are glad to notice that at Atcham, near Shrewsbury, one of the members has moved that the bye-laws be rescinded, and the question has been referred to a committee to investigate and report.

An interesting example of the many different practical uses which are likely to be found for the X-rays is provided by the Ceylon pearl-fishing, an industry which has for some time past received a considerable amount of scientific attention. By the application of the rays it is now possible to tell whether an oyster contains a pearl or not, and those which are in a purely normal and healthy state are thrown unopened back into the sea. By the adoption of this device the depletion of the oyster-beds is, of course, reduced very greatly.

An American critic says that Englishmen of all classes suffer in health from the "want of comfort" in their houses. The upper classes have gout, the middle classes rheumatism, and all the poor have "colds." By "want of comfort" it is clear that he means the absence of warmth indoors, and the "colds" are doubtless the weaker forms of influenza now very prevalent. But this latter fact only makes the criticism more important. There is no doubt that our houses are dangerously cold. The living-rooms are hot enough, in the houses of the well-to-do. But think of the bedrooms! A fire to go to bed by is considered a luxury rather than a hygienic precaution, and it is quite the exception for ordinary people to have a fire to get up and dress by. At 4 a.m. the bedroom temperature has dropped very low, and so it remains while dressing is going on. To have a fire is considered rather effeminate. Then, in addition, all the passages are cold, fireless, and often draughty, and it is considered hygienic to keep all the upstairs windows open from 10 a.m. till about

4 p.m., in order to let in plenty of fresh fog. In the country, where people spend most of the day out of doors, our cold houses are perhaps healthy. But the violent differences of temperature in different rooms, and at different hours of the day and night, must be bad for persons whose health or occupation keeps them indoors.

While Christmas presents are still occupying the minds of many, we suggest a form rather less obvious than that of sending barrels of oysters, Stilton cheeses, or pheasants and other game. Get into communication with a decoy, and buy a mixed hamper of decoy-caught wildfowl to send as presents. These are far better than any that are bought in ordinary shops or shot. The birds are, as a rule, in very fine condition. Their plumage is not damaged by the guns, by blood, or by water and mud. A decoy-man will always manage to kill his birds *secundum artem*, so that all the blood runs into the head, and he can pick out the fowl which are in the best condition. Of all the wild ducks, the pintail are, perhaps, the best. But the good wild mallards, teal and widgeon taken on a decoy-pond are always 50 per cent. better in flavour than the maize-fed, artificially-bred wild ducks now reared and shot.

A ROYAL UNDERSTANDING.

"King Carlos again shot over the Wood Norton estate of the Duc d'Orleans yesterday, and enjoyed excellent sport. An amusing incident occurred during the last drive. A strange object came over the guns, and the King, turning to one of his loaders, asked, 'What's that?' 'It's an owl, your Majesty,' was the reply. 'Then I let him off,' said the King, lowering his barrel."—Daily Paper.

The pheasants come flying by two, by three,

As they clear the fir trees tall,

"I'll take the highest that I can see,
For that is the sport that pleases me,"

Said the King of Portugal.

Crack, crack, crack! and they drop like lead,

And they lie just where they fall;

"If they must be killed, let them be killed dead,
It's a merry end to a life well led!"

Said the King of Portugal.

But the next that came was a curious fowl,

Like a flying wide-winged ball,

"What's that?" said the King. "It's a great brown owl."

"Then I don't shoot: for it's murder foul,"

Said the King of Portugal.

When the owl got home to his old oak tree,

He sat till the light grew dim,

And he blessed from his heart the powers that be

As he said, "That King thinks the world of me,

And I think the world of him!" W. N. D.

The system of training lately instituted at Borstal Prison for the reformation of young prisoners seems to have produced distinctly successful and encouraging results, so far as it can be tested by the record of the prisoners during the period after their discharge. During the last year and three-quarters 182 lads have been discharged from Borstal, and of this total 53 have been reconvicted, 9 are described as "not promising," while 83 are said to have done "consistently well" after leaving the prison. The period of probation has been, of course, too short to make it reasonable to assume with confidence that there will be no relapses. But when it is remembered that all of these lads were between the ages of sixteen and twenty-one, and consequently beyond the reach of the regular reformatories, while five-sixths of them had been previously convicted at least once, the value of the Borstal system in preventing the production of the habitual criminal seems likely to be very great.

The relations of cause and effect so beautifully tracked by Darwin, who was able to prove that the presence of field-mice led to the absence of clover, because the mice kill the bumblebees that fertilise the clover flowers, finds an odd parallel in a reason given for the maintenance of the price of Russian bonds. "Russian Fours" keep up because there was a splendid vintage in France last year. The French wine-growers, large and small, put about £20,000,000 into their pockets more than in ordinary years. This money is nearly all invested, and at present the favourite and general security bought by these frugal French country people is the Russian Four per Cent. Bond. Just as the establishment of the Post Office Savings Bank artificially kept up the price of English Consols, so the spare cash of the French wine farmer keeps up the price of Russian stock. He gets 4½ per cent. for his money at present prices, and seems to feel no misgivings.

As the value of the open-air treatment for consumption becomes more adequately realised, we find that it is producing some indirect and extremely good effect in persuading people generally, and the poor more particularly, of the merits of open windows and fresh air in houses. Valuable as this recognition is in the cottages of the poor in the country, it is even more useful in the towns, where the air is so much more liable to be infected

with the germs of disease. Belfast, low-lying and liable to flood in many parts of the city, has always been a heavy sufferer from consumption, and it is a city where there is peculiar difficulty in airing many of the poorer houses because so many of the rooms in the poor part are occupied on the Box and Cox system alternately by night-workers and day-workers; for both the factories and the ship-building industries require double shifts. Even here, however, in these circumstances of peculiar difficulty, we are assured that the policy of the open window is being followed more often than used to be the case, and with effects that already seem to be appreciable in checking the death-rate from consumption. Those who work among the poor cannot do them a better service than by convincing them that the risk arising from air that is fresh is not to be compared with the dangers from a closely-infected atmosphere.

It is not to be supposed that the Government has been influenced by any sense of the historical fitness of the site, but certainly it is by an interesting coincidence that the place of the ancient Clausentum, the chief naval station of the Romans during their occupation of Britain, should be chosen for the erection of commodious barracks for the Reservists. Clausentum was in the estuary of the Itchen, near Southampton, and thus on the

direct waterway to the old city of Winchester. The lines of the classical encampment are plainly to be traced, and in places are still in a state of highly-interesting preservation. It is hardly to be expected that they will be spared, in their present state, when the building of the barracks is commenced, but it is not too much to hope that the digging of the foundations will yield a rich store of Roman remains, for all excavations yet made in the same soil have been rich in results of the kind, and there is even reason to think that the Romans had a mint on this very site.

It is a common saying that a man should get a friend, or, better still, an enemy, to clear out his shrubberies for him when the trees are growing too closely. One must have a heart cast in something like the heroic mould to be brave enough to excise or root out as many of one's own trees or shrubs as are really necessary to give the others sufficient air and light and root room. The past summer and autumn have been peculiarly favourable to the growth of all floral things, and shrubberies and plantations are in more than their normal want of a liberal thinning. Fortunately the early winter has also been so kindly that it has been possible to transplant freely without much risk of losing them shrubs which were root-pruned in the summer.

THE COUNTRY IN WINTER.

IT is the privilege of those who dwell always in Arcadia to grumble at the discomforts thereof. With their dislike of mud, their repugnance to the short days and long, gloomy evenings, their intolerance of what is dull and insipid, one cannot help feeling a certain sympathy.

Yet, in sober truth, the joy of emerging from the streets in winter to the full and kindly light that lies on covert and hillside is one scarcely to be expressed. Scientific men aver that the changes in atmosphere are very slight; that, for instance, a wind blowing incessantly over a city is in such volume that the taint it picks up is practically nothing in comparison to the bulk. Consequently, they would have us believe that there is very little real difference between, say, the wind that blows down Piccadilly and the breeze that whistles across Snowdon. But, if that be so, imagination must play a very great part; for the delight in a winter day of escaping from smoke and houses to the clean air of the hills seems to be the result of applying a fine stimulant, that is, the air itself comes instinct with life and health. And in winter one feels this more than in summer, because, nowadays, there are few towns without a suggestion of greenery. London, for instance, has its street trees, its noble parks and beautiful gardens, where one can actually feel the touch of summer; but during the months of December, January, and February every touch of Nature appears to have fled from the streets, and the only brilliance comes from lighted rooms, kept open either for private or public entertainment. To escape, therefore, is a gladness unspeakable, and the discomforts are far more imaginary than real. No doubt the roads are often deep in mud, but when they are frozen that is of no consequence. At any rate, few people walk along a road in these days, and, if you are in a carriage or a motor-car, if you ride a horse or a bicycle, a little mud more

or less makes no difference. When you do happen to go on foot, it is usually through field and woodland, and here the mire is defied and despised. A pair of thick boots renders its threats of no avail. And the landscape in winter has charms peculiarly its own. The woodlands now are all stripped and bare; but the



E. W. Taylor.

A HEAVY LOAD.

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trees, as they stand clustered together, present a soft, dark, waving outline such as cannot be traced when the foliage is thick upon them. The beech wood is, we think, especially beautiful at this season. The tall, bare boles go up straight as if in search of the blue sky, and the red leaves now lying at their roots form a warm-coloured carpet. The edges of the wood are like fairyland, especially when a shower of snow or a garment of hoar frost silvers and fringes the edges of the dangling boughs. Here is in reality the snow scene that artists have tried in vain to render on their pictures and on the staging of their plays. Perhaps it is more prosaic now than used to be the case. To the modern eye there is no dryad or faun in the summer groves, no goblin or elf to be found along those paths that the eye can trace so far in the bareness of winter.

But if we have lost faith in the outcomes of superstition, we



W. Rawlings.

DEDHAM LOCK.

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have discovered a deeper magic in the natural beauty than has been revealed. The glamour of arching woodland, and the valleys between green downs and wide landscapes over which the winter shadows fall, belong to a more exquisite necromancy than primitive man imagined. In most sober earnest it can be asserted that some of the effects produced by winter sunlight are as fine as the richest summer yields. We would cite as an example that of the sun descending through a veil of forest trees. So quickly does it go down in the winter months that the eye seems

almost able to detect the movement, while as it drops it seems to widen with a more golden glory, till at last it would deceive anybody into thinking that it was an actual red fire on the edge of the landscape, the great tree trunks breaking up the mass till it resembles rising flames. Then, as it goes out of sight, yellow flags of cloud pass from it and diffuse themselves over the West,



W. Rawlings.

JOGGING OVER THE BRIDGE.

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THE YOUNG AND OLD.

W. Rawlings

fainting and fading away at last into the crepuscular light of a winter evening, when the stars come out and every jutting hill looks beautiful. It is curious to remain in such a position and listen and watch while day is being followed by night. The birds that have been foraging for food come chirping and quarrelling to seek their roosting-places in the thicker bushes, and whether they are telling the news of the day in their bird language, or disputing the occupancy of the more comfortable perches, they raise a babel of sound that endures as long as there is a gleam of light from the setting sun; but at last it melts into silence, and we can imagine each tired head being brought to rest under each weary wing. Happy are those woodlanders, if they succeed in escaping the perils of the night, the bat-fowler who walks in darkness, and other enemies scarce less dreadful. The rustling at your feet tells that many a shy and hiding creature which had slept all day in its hole now ventures forth in search of food; the woodmouse darts from clump to clump with, we may suppose, many a timid glance upwards for the owl, brown or white, who now on soft light wing begins to sail about the outskirts of the wood looking for a prey. The fox emerges from his hole and, sitting up for a moment on his hind quarters, sniffs the fresh air and gazes about, then trots off on one of his nocturnal rambles. The badger from the same earth is more sociable. We have seen several of them emerge from their holes at once, and go scratching and playing for some time before they set off like small bears into the woodland shadows. So in time does all the nightly population get astir, and a thousand pieces of business that had been neglected before are now transacted under your eyes, if we may be Irish for a moment. Should it freeze hard and for several days together, the comedy tends to become tragic. Anyone walking out in a quiet woodland in the morning after a snowfall will find abundant traces of the life that has been going on during the night. Small creatures, with their appetite sharpened into voracity by cold and want, have hunted and

fought with one another. There are the footprints in the snow, and here and there marks of struggle and clots of blood where the stronger has got the weaker in his power. It is true all the year round that the wild creatures live by rapine, but it is much more so in the winter, when tooth and claw oppose one another on every possible occasion. Yet somehow these facts do not interfere with the feeling of peace inseparable from country life in winter. When the midwinter sun rises slow and red in the East, and casts his pale light over silvered trees and white fields and frosted hedgerows, he seems to bring a message that whatever impression may be produced by the struggle that is always begun and never seems to end, yet somehow it is all meant to effect some great purpose, something towards which the world is ever moving, and of which we are but the blind unconscious instrument.

All this is rather in the vein of the contemplative man, but then our object was to show not the social pleasures which Arcadia yields in winter, but those proffered by Nature. As a matter of fact, a country house at this season of the year is the most agreeable place in the world. Usually it is full of people eager and keen to follow the various pursuits and recreations proper to the season. Now is the time when, if the weather be open, the hunting-man has his will, and the horn of the huntsman and the merry cry of the hounds bring out Farmer Giles and the swains who serve him to see the pack racing over the lea and the men in pink galloping after them. Now, too, is the season for shooting, and this is a pastime little interfered with by any weather except excessive rain. If pursued in the old style and under the old conditions, it is the most healthful recreation that we can imagine. He who undertakes it has to tramp over many miles occasionally of plough, and, generally, of mud and mire. The more he protects himself by thick underwear the heavier will be the burden of mud laid upon him in the end. But all his weariness is forgotten while he is at his pastime in the excitement

of it, and it is astonishing how much refreshed the weariest of men become after the usual cup of tea and ablutions before dinner. We doubt if there are any more delightful gatherings at any season of the year than now take place in the older-fashioned country houses. Where shooting is made a great deal of, the fun is probably neither so fast nor so furious, as the man who is anxious about his records dare not abandon himself wholeheartedly to enjoyment.

FROM THE FARMS.

A WOLF AMONG THE LAMBS.

AS we write the farmers in Northumberland are having a very exciting time. Not long ago a wolf belonging to a travelling menagerie escaped from its cage, and since then has been having a destructive holiday among the sheep, having killed over a score up to Saturday night. On that day a crowd of 400 people assembled, armed with every kind of firearm, from the ancient flint-gun to the newest choke-bore self-ejector. They located the animal easily enough in a plantation, but it was a more difficult task to deal with it. The beaters went in, and the guns were stationed outside, but after two hours' search they still had sought the wolf in vain. Then came the rumour that it had been viewed crossing the highway not far from Allandale village, and was lurking in the bed of the stream. No sooner did the hunters come up, however, than it broke cover, and sped away with remarkable haste in the direction of the fells. It proved to be much too swift for either horses or dogs. Eventually the scent was lost, and the animal got clear away. It is a matter that causes great anxiety to the flockmasters of the district, as, to say nothing of the actual slaughter, the ewes are getting into that condition in which they cannot be chased and hunted about without grave danger. All the same,



H. Almsley.

A MAGICAL FROST.

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it ought not to be difficult to find gunners enough in a county so sporting as Northumberland to account for a wolf. His speed cannot be equal to that of good dogs, and perhaps the best way of dealing with him would be to get together a mixed pack of hounds with good noses and gaze-hounds. These and a contingent of sporting farmers ought to be able, in the course of a few hours, to account for the wolf.

AGRICULTURAL IMPORTS.

Despite the complaints of bad trade, which have been rife for a long time past, it would appear that the people in this country continue to spend as much upon their food as ever and, indeed, more. The importation of wheat during the year now closing has been exceptionally large, owing to the extra requirements caused by our short harvest, but the price remains higher than it has been at the same period of the year for six years past. Then the quantity of beef that has come in is extraordinary, though there has been a slight decrease in the purchase of foreign and colonial mutton. Still, if we glance at the figures for the first eleven months of the year, they reveal a consuming power in the British nation which is extraordinary, for we have to add to the meat supplies the huge quantity of fruit and vegetables that now come from abroad, and which never have been in greater quantities than they are this year. Indeed, it is most remarkable that at the present moment American grapes of good quality can be purchased in the market for 3d. a pound, while other grapes, including the best produce of the English hothouses, are sold in far larger quantities and at more reasonable prices than we have had any previous experience of. Simultaneously with these changes eggs continue to pour into England in a volume that is ever expanding, and the value of the imported butter has already exceeded £20,000,000 for the present year. Now it is not very long ago since these cheap food products were unavailable, and in the meantime the production of native articles of food, including meat and flour, have not fallen off to a degree that accounts for it in the slightest. The inference then is a fair one, that the people of Great Britain are learning to live in a more luxurious manner than their fathers did. This cheap bread, cheap meat, cheap vegetables, cheap eggs, cheap dairy products have only one ultimate destination, and they must be reckoned as so many additions to the food which used to be thought sufficient.

FARMING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Mr. W. Scarth Dixon contributes to the 1905 edition of the "Agricultural Annual and Mark Lane Express Almanack" a most interesting article on farming in the North Riding of Yorkshire a hundred years ago. He says the holdings were not large then, and the rentals ran from £100 to £300 per annum, though in the south part of the Vale they ranged from £20 to £200. The smaller farms were mostly in the neighbourhoods of towns and villages, and the usual rent paid for them was from 15s. to 20s. an acre, though sometimes as much as 30s. an acre was given. A great deal of the land needed draining. Threshing-machines were uncommon. The proportion of arable land was about one third in the Vale of York, one fourth at the western end of the Howardian hills, and thence to Thirsk and on the rest of these hills one half. Rye at that time was very largely grown, and there is a curious recipe given for the making of Meslin. This we reproduce: "A large tub, called a kimlin, is provided; this being only scraped, and not washed out, after each time of using, the paste which remains on the side becomes sour; in this vessel about one half of the meal intended to be used is mixed with water in the evening; this is covered up with some dry meal, and lies in sponge till morning; in that time the tub has communicated its



W. A. J. Hensler.

A DECEMBER AFTERNOON.

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acidity to the whole mass, which causes a fermentation similar to that produced by yeast; it is then worked up stiff with the remainder of the meal; this is often done with the feet, the dough being covered with a coarse cloth; after it has been thus well worked it is made into large loaves and put into the oven, where it remains about ten or twelve hours. As this kind of bread will keep a considerable time, it is made in large quantities at once; three bushels at a baking is frequent, which quantity is made into seven or eight loaves. Many farmers do not make this bread more than six or eight times in the year."

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ADMIRERS of Mr. Swinburne have, by the issue of the last of the six volumes in which the new edition is published, *Poems of Algernon Charles Swinburne*, Vols. II., III., IV., V., and VI. (Chatto and Windus), an opportunity of possessing his works in a convenient and comely form. The publishers have evidently intended to make a library edition, and they have succeeded, and deserve to succeed. The time, therefore, would seem to be very opportune for considering the place which this poet is likely to hold in literature. It is not likely that anything of the first importance will be added to the poems as they now stand, and, indeed, some that are included might, we think, with advantage have been

omitted. We refer particularly to the parodies on Tennyson, Browning, Coventry Patmore, and others. These are very clever, but it does not seem to us dignified in a poet of the very high standing of Mr. Swinburne to have written, or, at least, to have deliberately republished banter of contemporaries that might have served to make the readers of a comic paper laugh, but has no intrinsic value. For example, the following is a good enough hit at Tennyson to raise a laugh with, but it is not backed by a sufficiently deep criticism to give it an abiding value:

"One who is not, we see: but one, whom we see not, is:
Surely this is not that: but that is assuredly this.

What, and wherefore, and whence? for under is over and under:

If thunder could be without lightning, lightning could be without thunder."

He is really much more successful with Browning, who was not only a lesser poet than Tennyson, but a much more unnumbered one. Verse twenty-seventh of "John Jones's Wife" is almost more Browning than Browning himself, except for the profanity that Browning was incapable of:

"Blame the cleft then? Praise rather! So—just a chance gone!

Had you said—'Save the seed and secure souls in flower'—

Ah, how time laughs, years palpitate, pro grapples con,

Till one day you shrug shoulders—'Well, gone, the good hour!'

Till one night—'Is God off now? or on?'"

The parody of Coventry Patmore, again, is at once the wittiest thing in these volumes and the most flagrant example of bad taste:

"I know, I said; its name shall be

Paul Cyril Athanasius John.

'Why,' said my wife, 'the child's a girl.'

My brain swooned, sick with failing sense;

With all perception in a whirl,

How could I tell the difference?

'Nay,' smiled the nurse, 'the child's a boy.'"

And the Nephelidia is a triumph of the long line. Nobody but Swinburne could have managed it as he does. The same volume that contains the Parodies has also that splendid translation of the Birds' Chorus in Aristophanes. It is a more scholarly one than the celebrated one of John Hookham Frere, and yet we are not sure that we prefer it of the two. We might give a few lines from the second stanza:

"It was Chaos and Night at the first, and the blackness of darkness, and hell's broad border,
Earth was not, nor air, neither heaven; when in depths of the womb of the dark without order
First thing first-born of the black-plumed Night was a wind-egg hatched in her bosom,
Whence timely with seasons revolving again sweet Love burst out as a blossom,
Gold wings glittering forth of his back, like whirlwinds gustily turning.
He, after his wedlock with Chaos, whose wings are of darkness, in hell broad-burning,
For his nestlings begat him the race of us first, and upraised us to light new-lighted."

This may be compared with the following passage from Frere:

"Before the creation of Aether and Light,
Chaos and Night together were plight,
In the dungeon of Erebus foully bedight,
Nor Ocean, or Air, or substance was there,
Or solid or rare, or figure or form,
But horrible Tartarus ruled in the Storm:
At length in the dreary chaotical closet
Of Erebus old, was a privy deposit,
By Night the primeval in secrecy laid;
A Mystical Egg, that in silence and shade
Was brooded and hatched; till time came about:
And Love, the delightful, in glory flew out."

In the later volumes there may be finer things, but there are none we like better than the poem called "Seaboard," which has haunted the memory of at least one reader since the day on which it first saw the light:

"The waves are a joy to the seamew, the meads to the herd,
And a joy to the heart is a goal that it may not reach.
No sense that for ever the limits of sense engird,
No hearing or sight that is vassal to form or speech,
Learns ever the secret that shadow and silence teach,
Hears ever the notes that or ever they swell subside,
Sees ever the light that lights not the loud world's tide,
Clasps ever the cause of the lifelong scheme's control
Wherethrough we pursue, till the waters of life be dried,
The goal that is not, and ever again the goal."

In regard to the older work of Mr. Swinburne, it is really surprising to turn back and find that a writer, criticising him as a young unknown man, should have said all that we wish to say to-day, and said it better than the present reviewer could hope to do. We refer, to be exact, to the *Saturday Review* of May 6th, 1855, when that famous journal was at its meridian, and no lover of literature could afford to be without it. The writer touches, as with a spear, the weaknesses of Mr. Swinburne, and, at the same time, points with an unerring finger to the glorious and exquisite work which makes us overlook that weakness. Now let us see what are the criticisms which this writer, almost on the morrow of publication, directed against Atalanta. First there is a

fault of profusion which seems to have been accentuated with the years that have passed since then. The writer quotes a passage in Homer which Tennyson thus paraphrased:

"I am going a long way
To the island valley of Avilion,
Where falls not rain or hail or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly; but it lies
Deep-meadowed, happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea,"

and compares this with Swinburne's

"Immortal honour is on them, having passed
Through splendid life and death desirable,
To the clear seat and remote throne of souls,
Lands indiscoverable in the unheard-of West,
Round which the strong stream of a sacred sea
Rolls without wind for ever, and the snow
There shows not her white wings and windy feet,
Nor thunder nor swift rain saith anything,
Nor the sun burns, but all things rest and thrive."

And the comment of the critic is as follows: "Mr. Swinburne's lines are good, although they do not equal the voluptuous dreamlike ease of the Laureate's version; but how he has amplified upon his model!" The next count in the indictment is that "Mr. Swinburne's luxuriant fancy" leads him to the error "of too frequently repeating, not, perhaps, the same image, but, at any rate, images of the same class." Thirdly, the critic very shrewdly points out that learned as Mr. Swinburne is in Greek, and close as is his reproduction of the form of Greek poetry, no one could possibly be further removed from it in spirit. To read to-day the passage written in 1865, makes us think that the writer was almost a prophet. And now to turn from his fault-finding to his praise. He singles out the famous chorus at once, "Before the beginning of years," and talks of its rich and delicate beauty, its thoughts always ingenious and often full of force. He then quotes the now celebrated passage:

"But thou, O mother,
The dreamer of dreams
Wilt thou bring forth another,
To feel the sun's beams,

When I move among shadows a shadow, and wait by impassable streams?"

For passages such as these he has unstinted praise, but in the other parts of the drama he complains of a certain indistinctness of thought and an occasional languor of expression. Is there anything further that one could say of Atalanta to-day? We really do not think there is. Now when the "Poems and Ballads" were published in 1866, Mr. Swinburne received a characteristic "slating" from the *Saturday*. There is no mincing of language. Mr. Swinburne is roundly told that he has been "tuning his lyre in a sty." It is scarcely worth while at this time of day to call up the plentiful evidence on which he founded his stinging rebuke. As a matter of fact, what offended people in the Swinburne of those days was not so much his passionate-ness or his impropriety, but the fact that it had the effect of being assumed. Rightly or wrongly, people did not think that "Songs before Sunrise" represented the genuine Swinburne, but was only the reflection of much reading in the more licentious poetry of France. Yet the writer is not carried away by any ill-feeling whatever. He chooses for quotation as showing what Swinburne could do the very poem that we would have ourselves quoted, namely, the "Hymn to Proserpine."

Of the work done in later years, the most notable seems to us to be the "Jacobite Ballads," that now appear in the third volume, though some are less successful than the others. His "Lykewake Song," for instance, appears to us weak in comparison with the "Lykewake Dirge":

"Fair of face, full of pride,
Sit ye down by a dead man's side.
Ye sang songs a' the day:
Sit down at night in the red worm's way."

It has not the ring of

"This ae night, this ae night,
Everie night and alle,
Fire and sleet and candle light,
And Christ receive thy sawle."

But the others are much more happy, as, for example, take the "Reiver's Neck-Verse":

"Some die singing and some die swinging,
And weel mat a' they be:
Some die playing, and some die praying,
And I wot sae winna we, my dear,
And I wot sae winna we."

And, of course, "A Jacobite's Exile" is as fine a poem as Mr. Swinburne has written, because his enthusiasm always is roused when he approaches the English Border, and there is an exquisite note of pathos and regret and fair melancholy in

"We'll see nae mair the sea-banks fair,
And the sweet grey gleaming sky,
And the lordly strand of Northumberland,
And the goodly towers thereby:
And none shall know but the winds that blow
The graves wherein we lie."

P. A. G.

ABOVE THE SNOW-LINE.

IF, in some ways, the lower portion of a glacier is the more interesting, the upper reaches and the source of the ice-stream are infinitely the more beautiful. A moderate walker, by directly selecting his excursion, can gain an excellent idea of the fairy-land above the snow-line. Let him go up Piz Sella, in the Engadine, or, if it is not too long for him, sleep at the little inn on the Diavolezza Pass, and thence ascend Piz Palü, in both cases taking with him a competent guide and a rope. On

either mountain he can give ample time to a survey of the snow scenery around him, and if he understands something of the laws of its being, his enjoyment cannot but be heightened.

I must ask him, however, to commence his studies, not at the snow-line, but on the very summit of the peak, from whose eternal cap of ice the glacier starts on its long, downward journey. It would be possible to trace the elements of a glacier

still further than this, for it is the heat of the sun drawing up the moisture from the ocean that makes the formation of a glacier possible. In the north of Siberia, where the cold is so great that even in summer the soil is frozen to a depth of many feet, there are no glaciers. For a glacier, though cold is required to help its creation, must have something more; and so it is only in regions where moisture and great cold join hands, such as on mountain ranges above the snow-line and in Arctic countries, that glaciers may be

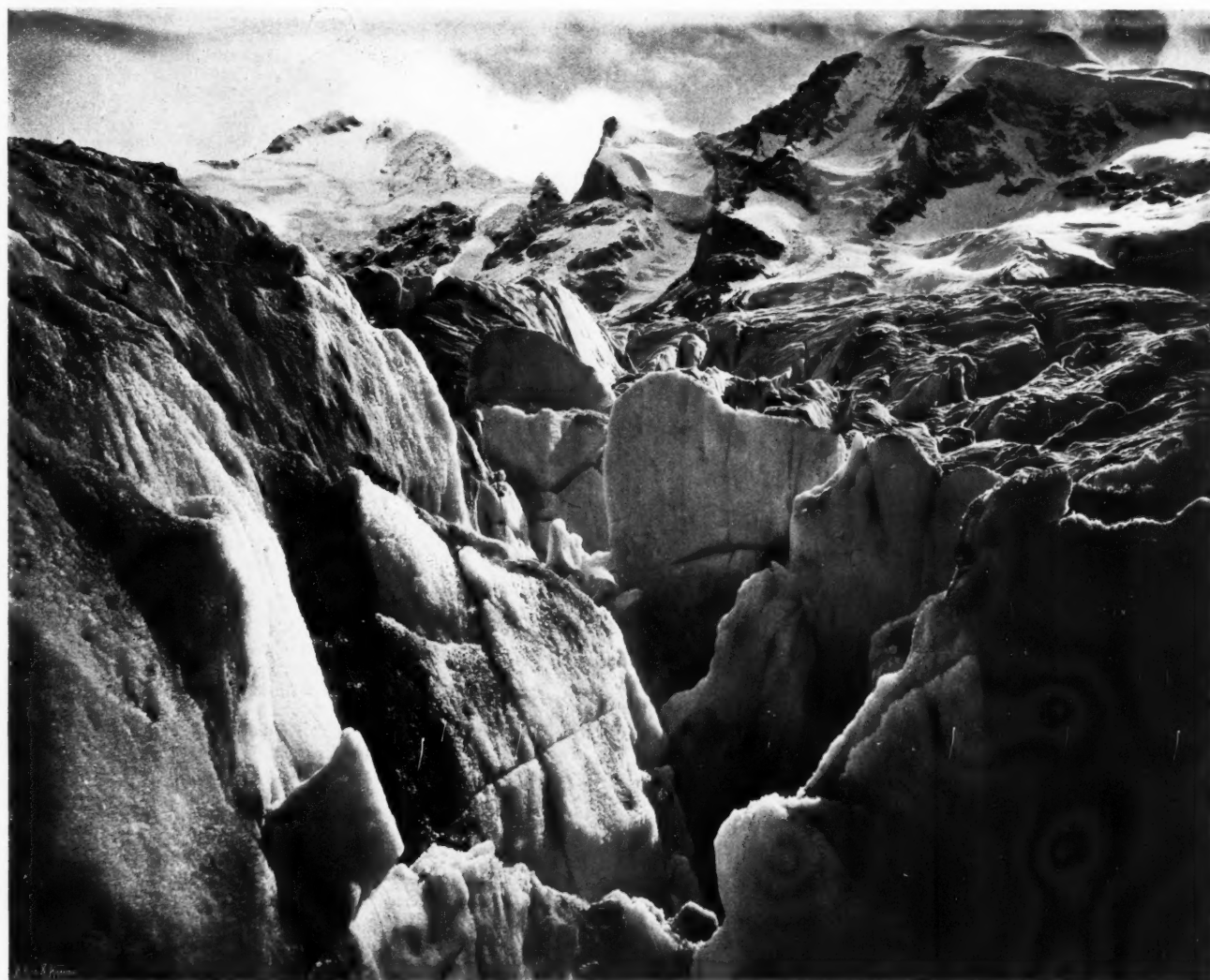
looked for. Let us follow that drop of water, sucked up into the atmosphere by the sun, infinitely subdivided, and held in suspension in an invisible mist, and wafted along till it reaches a high mountain chain. The air rises to cross the barrier, the mist is chilled by expansion in the thin, upper air, the globules join together and form a raindrop; or, if the mountain is a very high one and the air above it very cold, the tiny particles freeze,



E. Le Blond.

AN UPPER GLACIER.

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E. Le Blond.

STUDY OF A GLACIER.

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attract each other, are bound together, and a snowflake softly falls. In the Alps, rain is seldom seen lower than 9,000ft. or 10,000ft.; above that height the moisture is deposited in the form of snow. Even in midsummer large quantities of snow often fall on the upper slopes of great peaks. Do they, therefore, grow higher from year to year? Undoubtedly they would do so but for the fact that in process of time a layer of snow passes by pressure into a layer of ice, and this icy mass, slowly moving downwards, removes the accumulation of past snowfalls.

But this icy stream is not altogether like a river of water or even of treacle. Ice is brittle, and when it has to pass over steep and uneven ground, the tension is unequal, and it cracks, forming crevasses. It is above the snow-line that, owing to the tremendous thickness of the snow-field, these are deepest and widest. The first crevasse we usually meet with on leaving the summit has a special name. It is called the *Bergschrund*, and is formed between that upper portion of the snow-slope which is too firmly frozen to its rocky bed to be dragged bodily down, and the lower part which has been split from it by the tremendous weight of the ice beneath. Not that we must think of the upper portion as in a state of repose. It, too, is moving downward, but at a slower rate, which is easily proved by the fact that a *Bergschrund* goes on steadily widening all the summer, and by the autumn sometimes becomes quite

In a word, the pressure liquefies; its removal recongeals, for the freezing point of water is lowered by pressure.

As the glacier continues to descend, we shall observe that it is more transparent and less white. To find the reason for this let us return to our snowflake. We know that with snow is bound up, between the tiny particles, a large quantity of air. In fact, so porous is snow, that people buried beneath avalanches have lived for hours and eventually have been rescued uninjured, while a case is on record of three women who were in a stable when an avalanche fell on it, and for five weeks they lived in pitch darkness, and were at last taken out alive. The bulk of snow is easily diminished by pressure, as we prove by making a snowball; all of which goes to prove that snow contains much air imprisoned in it. Now, it is not the air in itself that is white, but the optical severance of the particles, which reflect the white light of the sun from their innumerable surfaces. For this reason the surface of even the lower end of a glacier—when not soiled by stones or sand—is white, because the heat has honeycombed it, and its many surfaces—instead of, as in lake ice, one flat and apparently black one—reflect the light. It will readily be understood how the tremendous pressure of the huge mass of the glacier, grinding its way inch by inch downwards, must be able to expel the particles of air it has dragged along with it in such large quantities at the earlier stages of its journey. Here and there we see, in the exposed wall of a crevasse, a beautiful blue-veined appearance, due to the air bubbles having all been driven out when it was subjected to exceptionally great pressure. We approach now the snow-line—that imaginary line where the supply and the waste exactly balance each other—and from this point we take up the thread of a former article.

E. LE BLOND.



E. Le Blond.

A GLACIER-CLAD PEAK.

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impassable. Next year the *Bergschrund* will be there again. It will not be the identical *Bergschrund* of this season—that has passed on and been shut up and mended; but the same cause produces the same effect, and so, wherever we notice a crevasse, or a series of crevasses, there, in future years, we shall again find a similar state of things.

Let us continue to descend. We probably soon find ourselves amidst a veritable maze of crevasses and snowy cubes, called *séracs*. Here we know from its appearance that the glacier is travelling down a steep, rocky incline, hundreds of feet beneath its surface. The sections of the crevasse are particularly interesting. We notice that they are marked with bands, parallel to the surface of the glacier. In fact, the snow is stratified. Each band marks a snowfall, and in some cases we see that there is a thin, yellowish line, indicating, I imagine, a long period of fine weather between the time the snow below and that above came down, when dust had had time to sully the brilliant whiteness of the snow-fields. At the base of this scene of wild confusion the glacier calms down, the crevasses close, and the stream flows on with, perhaps, an unbroken surface.

For many years scientific men were puzzled by the spontaneous repairing powers of ice, but now, under the name of regelation, this property is accounted for. Place two pieces of melting ice in water and let them touch each other; they will at once freeze together. The two sides of a crevasse, pressed together by the tremendous weight of the glacier striving to accommodate itself to the shape of the valley it is flowing down, will freeze together. The pressure thaws the icy surfaces as they unite, and the resultant water, being colder than the ice, refreezes immediately the local pressure is removed, and thus the two sides of the crevasse are bound together as with cement.

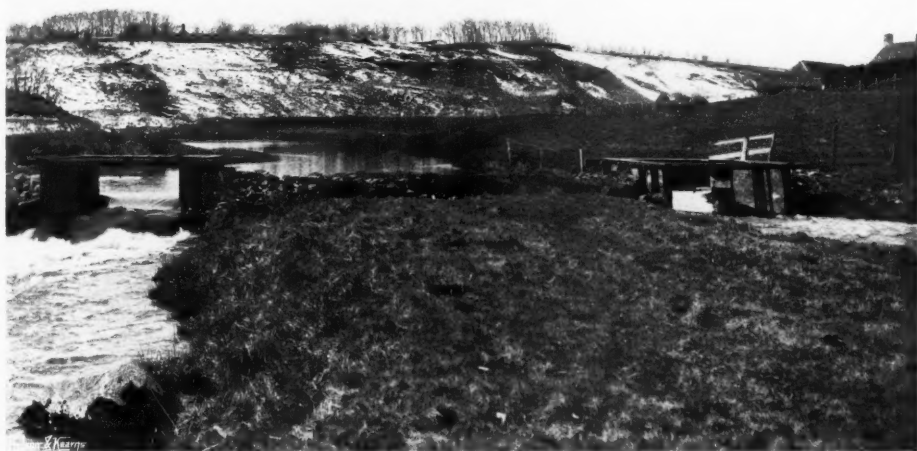
SPORT IN NORWAY.

SIR HENRY SETON-KARR has made good use of his leisure, and has given us the result in his new book, "My Sporting Holidays" (Arnold). The descriptions in it are very much on the model of what such descriptions should be: the pen should aim as straight at its mark as the rifle when the sportsman aims it to carry the bullet to the heart of the quarry. The writer is forcible in his descriptions, and never fails to make his meaning clear. The scenery of his hunting fields varies from Scandinavia to Vancouver, with Rocky Mountain shooting, sporting trips all over the northern continent, fishing both here and there, and stak-

ing on a Scotch deer forest between the two extremes. Many of the writer's holidays have been spent in the Island of Hitteren, off the coast of Norway, and it is from this island that he draws much of his matter. He makes the claim for Hitteren, and justifies it fairly with facts and reasons, that it is the one deer forest worthy of that name in the islands of Norway or all Scandinavia. He proposes the question why this should be the case, and himself gives the answer. Roughly speaking, the cause is the indiscriminate slaughter of red deer in Norway by sportsmen and poachers. At the same time, he tells us that he has himself, in the Island of Tusteren, killed a stag of 30st. This is a bigger beast by a good many stone than is even dreamed of in the philosophy of the Scottish stalker, and if the writer killed a bigger than this, or even one as big, in his favourite hunting ground of Hitteren, we have overlooked his account of it. This, of course, was an exceptional stag, and it was shot in 1882. Now it is quite clear that the natural course of events, including improved weapons and greater facilities for the disposal of venison, has cleared the deer off to a great extent on islands that have not been, like Hitteren, under some especial protection. The "corn rights," possessed by farmers under grant from the Crown, to kill two or more deer annually, make a difference, for the farms are much subdivided.

It is not at all difficult to understand why the deer of these islands and of the Scandinavian mainland are so much larger than our own. Hitteren, for example, is an island heavily wooded. The red deer is, by natural habitat, a woodland animal. He is quite out of his native element in what we are disposed to regard as his native heath—the Highland hills. In the covert and pasture of the woods he is far more at home than on the bare hillside, and with these conditions in his favour at

Hitteren he is, as elsewhere where they prevail, of far bigger size and finer condition than where he has scant feeding and cold lying. At the same time, there is always this to be said, that the stalking of a woodland stag is as nothing in its science, or even in its excitement, to the stalking of a stag on the open hill. The latter is pronounced by no less an authority than Mr. Selous to be the most difficult feat of stalking in the world of sport. From Hitteren and its red deer you may pass on in Sir H. Seton-Karr's company to reindeer-stalking and elk-hunting in Norway; and with this and some Scottish stag-shooting the European portion is completed.



THE DISUSED CRUIVES OF THE UGIE.

He then tells us how, when just past his undergraduate stage at Oxford, although already graduated in his Norwegian experiences of red deer-stalking, he saw for the first time, in a shop in the Strand, a pair of fine wapiti horns. The sight so fired him that a trip to the Rocky Mountains was the, more or less, immediate result. Wyoming was a sportsman's paradise then, and the buffalo was still in the land in its multitudes. This account, then, is rather to be regarded as historical than as what the sportsman may look for now. If he goes filled with the expectation of seeing what Sir H. Seton-Karr saw, he will be sadly disappointed; but certainly the chapter makes better reading than if it had dealt with the present instead of the past. There is a chapter on sport in Vancouver Island, and a descriptive sketch of life on a cattle ranche and "on the fringe." Some salmon-fishing reminiscences help to give variety to the book, and if these are not very different from others of their kind, it is no doubt the fault of the salmon rather than of the author.

The volume is concluded with a chapter on sporting rifles, in which the writer, admitting freely that his views are touched by personal partiality and old experience, hardly gives, as it seems to us, quite enough credit to the small-bore rifle, such as the Mannlicher, for the nerve-shattering effect of its missile. In all other respects the pros and cons appear to us to be argued very justly. Especial emphasis is laid on the greater ease with which a heavy rifle is held steadily, for aim, than a light one; and it is a point in the contention that is too generally overlooked. Sir H. Seton-Karr fully admits the efficacy of the missile of the Mannlicher if it happens to touch a bone or hard substance to make the bullet break up; but perhaps he hardly gives due force to the effect produced by the great pace of the bullet, even when it does not touch any hard part. We have had some recent evidence of the effect of the Mannlicher bullet on the very big bears and moose of Alaska that cannot fail to impress one with the terrible power of these little bullets. For long shots the flat trajectory of this rifle is, of course, much in its favour, but at no foreign animal, as a rule, except the wild sheep, do we get shots at as long range as at the stags of the Highlands. Most of the other wild things that we shoot with the rifle can be approached closely. The book is well got up, and brightened by a few illustra-

tions from photographs by the author, and from drawings by Mr. Caldwell. Sir Henry Seton-Karr's "Sporting Holidays" will be found good reading for the unoccupied moments of the sporting holidays of others.

OLD SCOTTISH SALMON TRAPS.

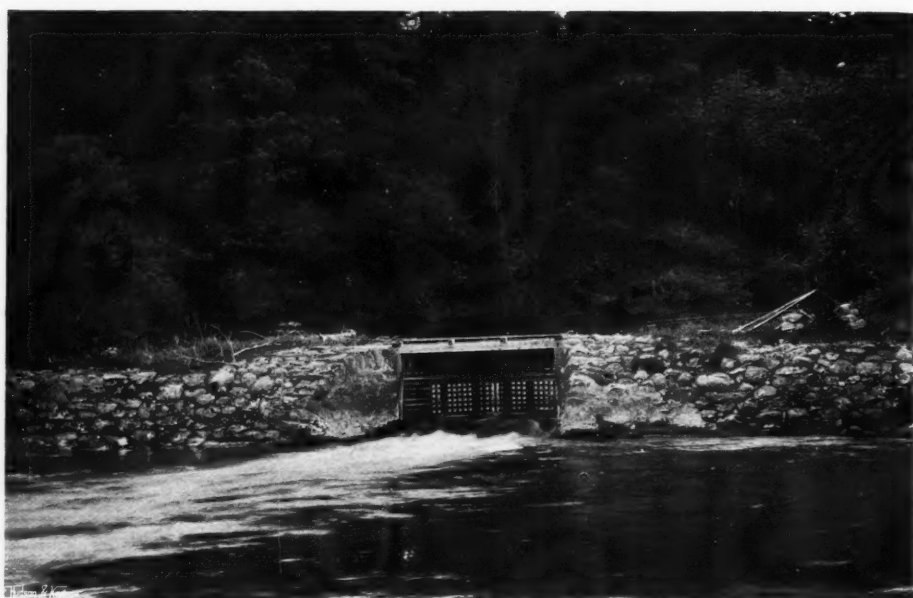
THE right of salmon-fishing, like other heritable property in Scotland, is originally vested in the Crown, and very many valuable coast fisheries are still held by the Crown. In early times, however, salmon were only fished for in rivers, and the right of fishing was frequently "alienated" from the Crown to subjects, so that now it commonly happens that a proprietor of land through which a salmon river flows holds the right of catching the fish. In those days salmon were probably extremely plentiful, and were fished for freely in all sorts of ways, which are now regarded as unlawful. Certain methods, however, which necessitated very material interference with the natural conditions of rivers, were practised under special charter. Chief among such methods was fishing by means of "cruives," and a few of those devices exist to the present time. We may well believe that the cruive, as it now appears, is, as it were, the modified and more or less perfected survivor of a primitive device for enclosing fish. The Australian aborigines build pools of stones and branches, which are overflowed when the river is in flood, and in which they expect to find their fish when the river falls. The North American Indians build barriers of

timber and branches across the creeks of rivers to check the ascent of salmon, and aid their fishing with spear, small net, or wooden scoop. The Highlander in former days made "yairs," or "carries," to catch the herring that came up the sea-lochs into the shallows, and in like manner most Scottish salmon rivers had their cruives. In constructing a cruive, a weir or dam dyke was built across the river at a spot where, as a rule, some island or rocky barrier divided the current or gave other facilities for the building of the structure. With a divided current, one channel could be dealt with at a time, so that in reality two separate cruive dykes were formed and the river completely blocked. A provision certainly used to exist for a gap being left to allow fish to ascend, since very many cruives were constructed near to the mouths of rivers, and thus prevented fish getting up to spawn; but this inconvenience to the cruive-owner was gradually overcome. The only gap which he regarded with favour was the one made by himself, into which was fitted his trap or cruive-box. Under all ordinary conditions of water level his gap or gaps were the only openings through which the water flowed, and ascending salmon naturally



A CRUIVE, SHOWING THE DYKES

swam into these openings and were caught. Some dykes had only one box, others had more. The cruive dyke on the river Beaul, which is still maintained, although the boxes have been left open for many years, has seven gaps, and is a most formidable-looking structure, as may be seen from the photograph of one section of it. Since the Beaul is known as a first-class salmon river, it is clear that the cruives have not been fished. Indeed, in the half-dozen cruives that still exist in Scotland, it is sufficiently clear that if fishing is carried on, the owner of the cruive rights has no interest in the fishings higher up the river. The construction of a cruive-box may be seen in the accompanying photographs. The passage through the dyke forms a chamber, closed at its upstream end by a "heek," or grating, which allows none but small fish to pass. From each side of the chamber another grating projects inwards, the spars being arranged horizontally, so that only a narrow slit, 5in. wide, is left for the entrance of the ascending fish. When the unfortunate salmon passes through this narrow opening it runs its head against the upper heek, turns back, and is swept at once into the inscales, where, pressed against the spars by the force of



A CRUIVE AT WORK.

cruive-box this hatchway is opened and a wooden or canvas blind lowered so as to cover the upper heek, and temporarily



THREE BOXES OF THE BEAUL CRUIVE DYKE.

the current, it is speedily drowned. The chamber is covered above by a hatchway, and when the fish are removed from the

prevent the entrance of water. The fish can then be easily lifted out. Another device of a somewhat similar nature, though less permanent in character, is the salmon yair. There are six to seven yairs erected and fished each season in the river Dee at Kirkcudbright, and the engines are peculiar to this river alone. The tidal estuary of this Solway Dee is a winding channel with wide, muddy banks. So extensive are these banks when the tide is out, and so soft is the sandy mud, that the ordinary sweep-net could not very well be fished. No cruives are allowable where the tide ebbs and flows, and no fixed engines, such as bag-nets or fly-nets (stake-nets), which are commonly set on the coast, are allowable in any estuary. By some process of survival, however, it happens that the yairs of the Solway Dee, distinct fixed engines though they are, are fished in the estuary of that river. A square framework of poles, a sort of gateway, is erected on the mud, close to the side of the channel, so that when the tide is full it will be all but covered. In this a movable net is arranged. From either side of the



YAIR IN THE ESTUARY OF SOLWAY DEE.

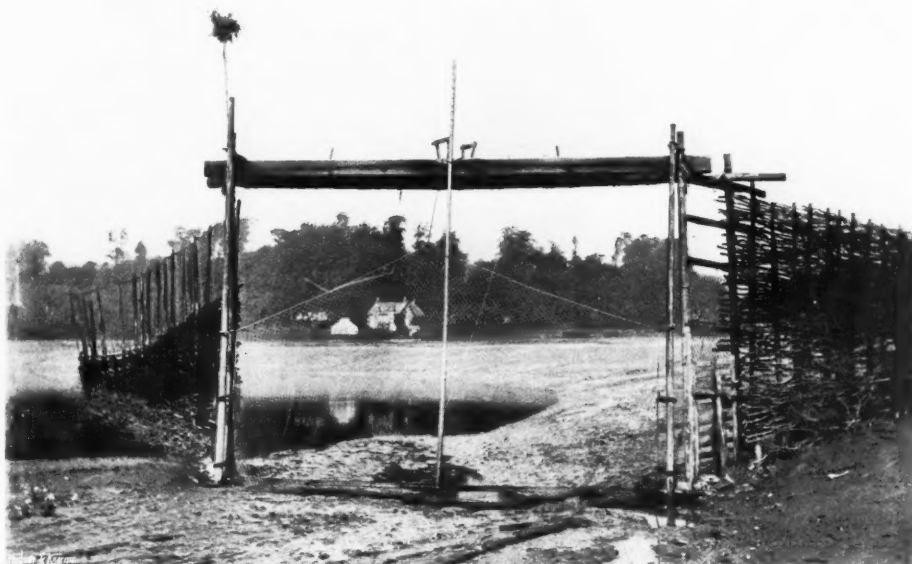
framework a high fence of wattle is further erected, the two fences slanting away in an acute angle to form a lead in for the fish. The arrangement is seen in the accompanying photograph. These yairs may fish the flood-tide or the ebb-tide according as the wattle leaders are projected down-stream or up-stream respectively. The particular yair in the photograph is set to fish the ebb, but the net, the trap proper, is not in position. A close view of the engine as it appears when fishing—the net having been lowered so that the photograph might be taken—is seen in the next illustration. The foot of the net is formed by a pole which stretches from side to side. The net works up and down the side poles by means of hoops, and the centre of the net is made with a considerable bag, which cannot be seen, but which, as the tide flows through the opening, streams out with the current. Several light cords are attached to different parts of the bag, and are held like reins in the hands of the fisherman, who sits up aloft on the swaying platform, where a little upturned stool may be seen. Whenever a fish comes in contact with the net, its presence is at once communicated to the fisherman through the cords. His action then is to drop the cords and promptly haul up the long central pole, which is attached to the cross-piece forming the foot of the net. In this way the fish, still in the bag of the net, has its one line of retreat cut off and is secured. Owing to the fine nature of the silt forming the channel and banks of the river at this point, the water is always much discoloured. This, no doubt, very largely helps the successful fishing of the yairs of Dee. When the tide has ebbed so far as to make further fishing useless, the net is hauled up and made fast, as shown in the last illustration.

LEAVES AND FLOWERS.

FALLING leaf and fading flower," how clearly they voice the lament of the garden over its lost treasures, sound the dirge of departed summer, and herald the approach of winter.

Down the leaves come, some hovering hesitatingly as though loth to leave the branches where first they saw light; others, with apparent unconcern that their life's work is almost done, fall headlong to the ground; while a few, most affectionate of all, still cling to the shoots that gave them birth, as if they would claim the protection of the living tree from the fate that awaits them when they reach the cold, dead

earth—fickle, faithless earth, that smiles with spring, laughs with summer, sighs with autumn, and grins ironically when bound in winter's chains. The wind mourns the loss of the leaves that frolicked at its tenderer touch, that shimmered in the moonlight, that glittered in the sunlight. It is a lonely wind, full of sorrow and sadness as it loses itself among the barren trees and sighs at the memory of woods and copses growing green, of leafy glades, and hills and vales of red and brown and gold. It tenderly passed over bursting growth on twig and shoot, rustled balmily among the deeper green leafage



YAIR NET IN POSITION FOR FISHING.

of June, hustled with shame to the ground the first chestnut leaf in its glorious autumn garb, and now with wild and vain regret goes to its last unthankful task.

It is with less tenderness than was its wont, with a regret born of desperation, that it scatters and whirls and whirls again the dead leaves, emblems of a life that is past, faded glories of a fast departing year. And in its fury and fierce howling it forgets that ever it touched with lightest breath upon budding shoot, and floated tenderly o'er opening blossom.

Fading flowers inspire none of the regret that attaches to falling leaves, perhaps because they fade into ugliness, while leaves die into indescribable beauty. Flowers, too, are more intimate associates than leaves, and it is possibly true in this case, as often among ourselves, that "familiarity breeds contempt." Without even a pang of regret we see flowers pass from life to death—we even hasten the metamorphosis—but we cannot see a leaf fall in autumn without an inward sigh, a thought shot swift in passing, that reminds us of joyous days gone by and dreary weeks to come. (For is it not true that we compute happiness by days and sorrow by weeks?)

And who, unless he be a stranger to, and out of sympathy with, Nature's products, can pluck a leaf without twinge of one heartstring? Yet the same hand will gather posies of flowers, and delight in the doing. The practical mind explains the paradox. You learn that of blossoms, the more you cull the finer will they come, and by its more vigorous growth and more abundant harvest the plant will overwhelm you with gratitude. But by the plucking of one leaf you begin to sap the very life blood of the tree; and it is this knowledge, gained by instinct, that appeals to our inborn humanity, the same that sends a shudder through the child that crushes a worm. It is this that tells us leaves mean life.

The human mind is to some extent in all cases, and to a large degree in most, a reflex of the seasons. Few can notice without some feeling of joy and gladness the first signs of spring, and still fewer, perhaps, can view, without feeling its depressing influence, the approach of winter. Unfolding buds and opening flowers have a mystic charm that touches man's best and brightest feelings, that compels forgetfulness of dull, dark days, and gives spontaneous birth to hopefulness. Those whose lives are spent in a closer touch with Nature than is possible to many are apt to reckon the flight of time and the work of their own lives more by the passing of the seasons than by any code of months and years.

And as spring gives way to summer, summer guides to autumn, autumn fades to winter, and Nature's yearlings die, the frailty, the brevity, and the inscrutable mysteries of life are brought more closely home to us. By our failures and disappointments we are made to hope, we are taught to take our successes modestly, for we see how wonderful and mysterious are Nature's ways, how well the balance is maintained between strong and feeble, how even the weakest may sometimes be the most successful, the lowly the most admired.

H. H. T.



YAIR NET AS LEFT WHEN THE TIDE HAS EBBED.

ground. The bitter wind increases in bitterness as winter draws near; you hear its mournful cry as it rushes headlong on its unimpeded course through the bare branches of the denizens of wood and forest—it bewails the loss of the leaves. And, lifeless, these are whirled high towards the branchlets where they first peeped green from unfolding bud, waxed strong as summer drew nigh, turned bronze and gold at autumn's touch, and finally, at winter's dread sign, the first sharp frost, lost heart, lost hold of home, to fall into the cold grasp of

A NEW FOREST CHURCH.

THERE is a singular charm in the "unrestored" interiors of those of our village churches which have escaped the restless eye of energy and zeal. While the dead bones in the churchyard "have lain quiet amid the drums and trappings" of the centuries, the very stones which covered the resting-places of those buried within the sanctuary have often been destroyed and removed, the ancient equipment of the building has been desolated, and the slow unconscious growth of centuries disturbed and deranged to suit the overwhelming sense of anti-quarian and ecclesiastical propriety which swept over the sentiment of English churchmen in the last third of the nineteenth century. The flood of neo-Gothicism has been so universal and so overwhelming that few churches, and those usually of the humblest kind, now remain unaltered and undisturbed, to tell by their silent monition how the centuries sped in that "cool sequestered vale," in which the church was alike the temple and the tomb.

There is a special grace of congruity in the fact that Minstead Church, in the New Forest, should have remained intact, and unspoiled by recent innovations, so that not only the work of the early eighteenth century is kept, but also the sense of quiet and repose which the ancient forest around it imposes on the whole of its natural environment. Some special providence seems to watch over these old forest shrines. Some of them, Minstead among them, escaped the ravages of the Conqueror, as well as the restoring zeal which threatened them as it were yesterday. Not that the fabric of Minstead is the same as in the days when the Saxons worshipped there, but that a church stood on that site, as did one at Brockenhurst and others at Lyndhurst and other forest settlements, in what the English called the land of Itene, before it was made into a vast hunting ground by the Norman monarch. The charge brought against him of ravaging the country and destroying its churches appears in the most potent form in the pages of Lingard. "Though the King possessed sixty-eight forests, besides parks and chases in different parts of England, he was not satisfied; but for the occasional accommodation of his Court, afforested an extensive tract of country lying between Winchester and the seacoast. The inhabitants were expelled; the cottages and churches burnt; and more than thirty miles of a rich and populous district were withdrawn from cultivation, and converted into a wilderness, to



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MINSTEAD CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

afford sufficient range for deer, and ample space for the Royal diversion." "Many populous towns and villages, and thirty-six parish churches," is the more circumstantial estimate of others. It is impossible to traverse the forest now without doubting this belief. Curiously enough, Voltaire, with his wonderful insight and intellect, doubted it without seeing the forest, on grounds of general historical criticism. William Cobbett, endowed with a very different class of mind, thought it untrue, because he knew something of the value and productivity of different soils. It could never have been a rich and populous district, because, for the greater part, the soil is very poor. Thirty thousand acres were reported unfit for agriculture, the growth of trees, or for pasturage. "If he destroyed thirty-six parish churches, what a populous country this must have been!" Cobbett wrote. "There must have been forty-seven parish churches; so that there was over this whole district one parish church to every four and three-quarter square miles." He then gives every reason for doubting the figures. The "forty-seven" are arrived at by adding eleven which still remain on sites where churches were in existence before the time of the Conqueror,

of which Minstead is one. That it is one of the very few out of the 10,000 parish churches in England which have not been altered in the last thirty years is part of the same good fortune. There were many parish churches which were dilapidated and greatly neglected, or in which the Jacobean or Georgian fittings were poor and bad. These were doubtless rightly condemned and replaced; but where they were good and sufficient, it was a thousand pities to make a clean sweep of these monuments of different styles, and memorials of consecutive generations. Where mediæval work remained, or its relics were merely covered up and unseen, it was right that every care should be taken of it, and this was done in nearly every case. But the conscious effort to reconstruct mediævalism, and to sweep away all the landmarks which marked the ebb of time between the days of Victoria and the days of the Tudors, fails to make any appeal to sentiment. The attempt to put back the hands of the clock has ruined the historical sequence of the buildings, and the substitution of mediæval carving and seats fresh from the factory has been too often a poor substitute for the Jacobean and Georgian work. At Minstead the interior fittings, though of a humble character, in keeping with the modest nature of the building,



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THE INTERIOR.

"C.L."

cannot fail to please and interest. The greater part of the church was rebuilt, and the whole interior refitted, in the quaint style of the early eighteenth century. The tower is a good piece of Georgian brickwork, and while the Early English chancel arch is preserved, and the very ancient font, in which the forest children have been christened for seven centuries, the fittings of the interior are almost entirely post-Reformation, with the possible exception of a series of benches under the galleries. The gallery construction and fittings are very good specimens of the carpentry of the day, the west end being remarkable for a double gallery, one storey being supported on pillars resting on the floor of the lower gallery. The wooden pillars of the latter, as well as many of the seats and pews, show the marks of the adze. The main gallery at the west end bears the date 1814, but this can only refer to the bequest mentioned in the inscription. There is an excellent example of a "three-decker" pulpit, with clerk's desk, reading desk, preaching desk, and sounding board. The style and fittings of the interior should be compared with those at Whitby, illustrations of which appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on February 27th, 1904. C. J. CORNISH.

IN THE . GARDEN.

HARDY PLANTS WITH WHITE
FLOWERS.

A CORRESPONDENT asks for a list of hardy plants with white flowers, and as the answer may be useful to other readers, we publish it here: The names have been carefully chosen: *Achillea Ptarmica* The Pearl, 3ft. to 3½ft.; *Allium neapolitanum*, an early-flowering bulb, dwarf; *Anemone japonica alba*, 3½ft., the well-known Japanese *Anemone* of autumn; the pretty spring *A. nemorosa*, white Snapdragon (*Antirrhinum*), white Columbine (*Aquilegia*), *Arenaria montana* and *balearica*, both mossy rock plants; and *Campanulas* innumerable: of these, *C. carpatia alba*, *C. lactiflora*, the white forms of Canterbury Bell (*C. Medium*), *C. persicifolia alba* (the white, Peach-leaved Bellflower), *C. pyramidalis alba*, and the graceful white form of our Harebell (*C. rotundifolia*); common *Cerastium*, *Chrysanthemum maximum*, and garden forms of the common Ox-eye Daisy, Lily of the Valley, Carnations, Pinks, the white Burning Bush (*Dictamnus Fraxinella*), 3ft. to 4ft.; white Foxglove, the white *Epilobium angustifolium album*, white Dog's-tooth Violet, Snowdrop, the white Goat's Rue (*Galega officinalis alba*), which makes quite a bush 3ft. high and as much through; the well-known *Gypsophila paniculata*, white Sweet Rocket; *Iberis corneifolia*, *I. saxatilis*, and *I. semperflorens*; white Everlasting Pea, white spring and summer Snowflakes (*Leucojum aestivum* and *vernum*), white Lilies, of which the pearl is the Madonna Lily (*Lilium candidum*), white Perennial Lupin (4ft.), white Malva, white Forget-me-not, white Evening Primroses (*Oenothera speciosa* and *O. taraxacifolia*), *Ornithogalum pyramidale* and the well-known *O. umbellatum*, Peony, Pansy, Phlox, Pyrethrum, Primrose, Double Fair Maids of France (*Ranunculus aconitifolius plenus*), white Saxifragas, white Scabious, white Scillas, especially the white variety of the Spanish *S. campanulata*, the Foam-flower (*Tiarella cordifolia*), the beautiful *Trillium grandiflorum*, Tulips, and Verbenas. All the plants named are strong in growth and hardy. It is a list for a beginner in gardening. Those advanced in plant knowledge will not need help of this kind.

HARDY WINTER FLOWERS.

The Christmas Rose.—Of winter flowers the Christmas Rose is the most seasonable and most welcome. It is a winter flower in the truest sense, and needs no coddling treatment to develop the pretty rosy buds, which open out wide and pearl-like in the weak sunshine of December and January days. The writer has many clumps of the variety *maximus*, which is also called *altifolius*, in bloom under hand-glasses, for the purpose of protecting the beautiful flowers from rain and snow. These flowers are not allowed to waste themselves in the garden, but are gathered for the house, and in short, plain glasses they have a certain sweetness which the costliest exotic cannot convey. The variety mentioned is probably the finest of the race; but *angustifolius*, the snow white St. Brigid, or Juvernais, as it is also called, the Major or Bath form, *Carnea*, also named Apple Blossom, because of the tint of the flowers, and *Riverstoni*, with its grass green flower-stems, are a selection which will satisfy most minds. A colony of the ordinary *Helleborus niger* is very wintry just now. The snow is lying in flakes by a shrubby margin, but the flowers are peeping through the leaves, a message of brighter and sunnier days. When the Christmas Roses are over, it is not long before the Snowdrops are out in their fullness, and then Nature is beginning to stir the soil

in the borders, Crocuses and the first Scillas painting the garden with their bright colourings. Christmas Roses enjoy a deep and rich soil, and shade and damp, just such a position as we have indicated, and the way to increase them is by seed and division. Both methods may be too slow for some gardeners, and when this is so, it is necessary to buy well-established roots, which may be planted out in spring. A very common practice in private gardens, where the flowers are desired in their fullest beauty, is to lift the clumps when the buds begin to show, put them in a bushel basket, one in each, filled with cocoanut fibre refuse, and transfer them to a warm frame. The warmth will soon stimulate the flower growth, and the stems will be long and the petals of purest white.

The Winter Jasmine.—During the spell of severe weather in November we covered up roughly a wall of *Jasminum nudiflorum*, or the Winter Jasmine, which we regard with the same affection as the groups of Tea Roses in early June. It is a satisfying picture, this wall of yellow, a cheery, fragrant, and inspiring scene, a bright colour, with a bit of green from the leafless stems peeping here and there. Only this simple protection is needful to screen the

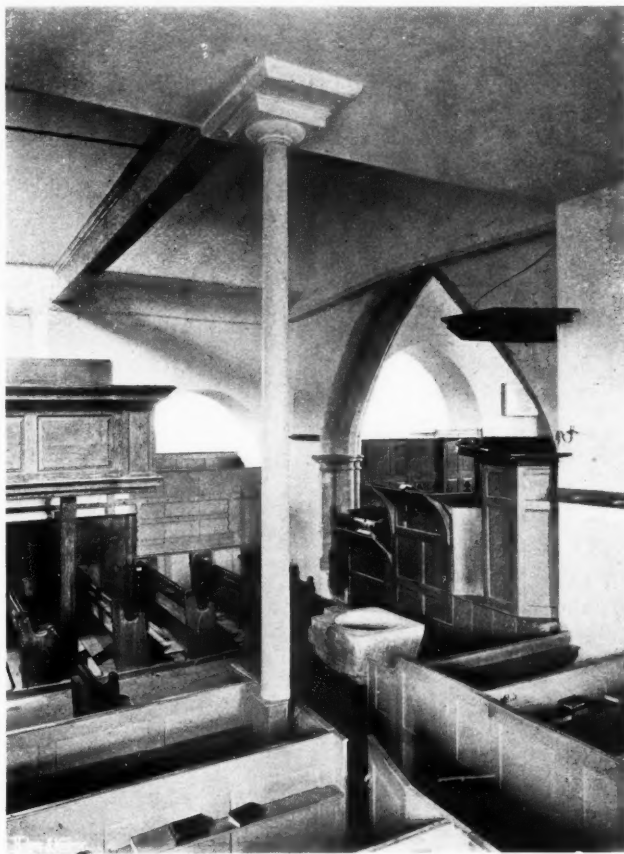
flowers from frost, and it is possible to gather the shoots for some weeks to fill tall Munstead vases in the house, with, perhaps, a few leaves of Mahonia or Tree Ivy for contrast. It is advisable to cut the stems when the buds are on the point of expansion, as they open perfectly in water. The new *Jasminum primulinum*, which was introduced by Messrs. Veitch and Sons recently from China, flowers in spring, and is an enlarged form of *J. nudiflorum*. It is also almost evergreen, and a shrub to make note of.

Iris stylosa.—No Orchid is more delicate in its colouring or fragrance than this beautiful hardy winter flower, which is grown in quantity by the writer at the foot of a sheltered south wall where the soil is dry and warm without being too arid. The leaves are in profusion, and the pale lilac or white flowers, the last-mentioned being those of the variety *alba*, are seen hiding in this little leaf forest, screening them from the harsh winds which even seek out this favoured corner. Gather the buds, which open out freely in a warm room, and do not bruise them. The petals are so frail that it is almost impossible to have them unsullied unless this precaution is taken. All Irises open well in the bud stage, and this is, indeed, the correct way to gather this wonderful race of hardy flowers. One of the best amateur gardeners of the day writes thus of *Iris stylosa*, and particularly of a variety named *magnifica*: "English gardeners are just awakening to the fact that *Iris stylosa* is one of the most precious winter-blooming plants we possess. One of the causes of this tardy awakening is the fact that the form most generally grown in England is the smallest and the shyest blooming one

possible of a really desirable plant. For many years I struggled, with many others, to coax a few stray blooms from big masses of leafage under a sunny wall in the North of England, and it was not till I saw the various forms grown in Southern gardens that I realised how greatly superior, both in quantity and size of flower, were the forms known as *superba* and *magnifica*. The plant seeds so abundantly that in a seed-bed there are endless variations of size and colour of flower as well as of size and breadth of leaf, but none flowers so profusely as this variety, which is known to me as *magnifica*. The white form of *I. stylosa* is best under glass in England, and for edging a cold fruit house or corridor there could be no better plant for winter-cut flowers. This plant is also a true lime-lover, and will grow in nothing but lime rubbish if need be."

The Winter Gladiolus.—This is not a *Gladiolus* at all, but a plant called *Schizostylis coccinea*. Its red cup-shaped flowers suggest those of a *Gladiolus*, and they line the leafy stems much in the same way as those of the true *Gladiolus*, which delights one in late summer and early autumn. We recently described the culture the *Schizostylis* desires.

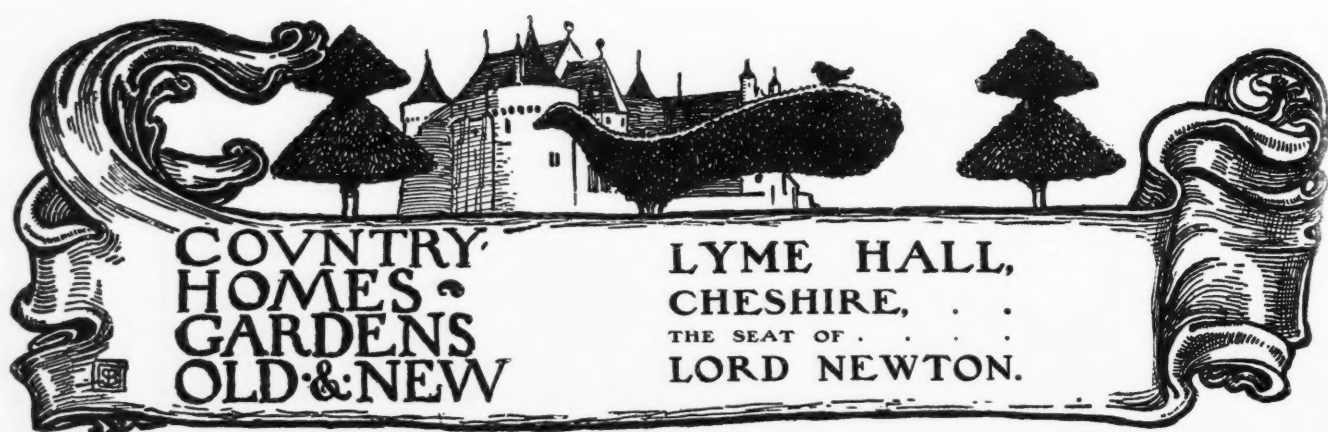
Winter Sweet.—It is probable that this pretty name will be found in few gardening books, but if the reader will look under the C's, the word *Chimonanthus* will be found—*Winter Sweet* is the English name for *C. fragrans*, of which the best form is *grandiflorus*. Although we have no wish to quarrel with those who named the larger variety of this winter-flowering shrub, the great difference that exists among seedlings is astonishing. Some will be quite poor, with little scent and colour, others larger than the typical *grandiflorus*, so much so that it seems desirable to almost drop the varietal name. The *Chimonanthus* is a shrub for a wall; it is not a climber, but the shoots should be trained to a south or west wall, much in the same way as one would those of the Peach. There is one point which must be insisted upon, and that is the thinning out of useless shoots after flowering, for it is on the young wood that flowers are produced. The flowers sometimes smother the plant; they are not showy, but the lemon colouring is pretty, and it is set off by little crimson sepals. It is, however, the scent that charms most, a sweet, nutty perfume, which seems to pour from every petal. A plant in full bloom on a mild winter day can be detected for yards. There is not a flower in the garden that has so satisfying and unusual a fragrance as has the *Chimonanthus*.



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A THREE-DECKER PULPIT.

"C.L."



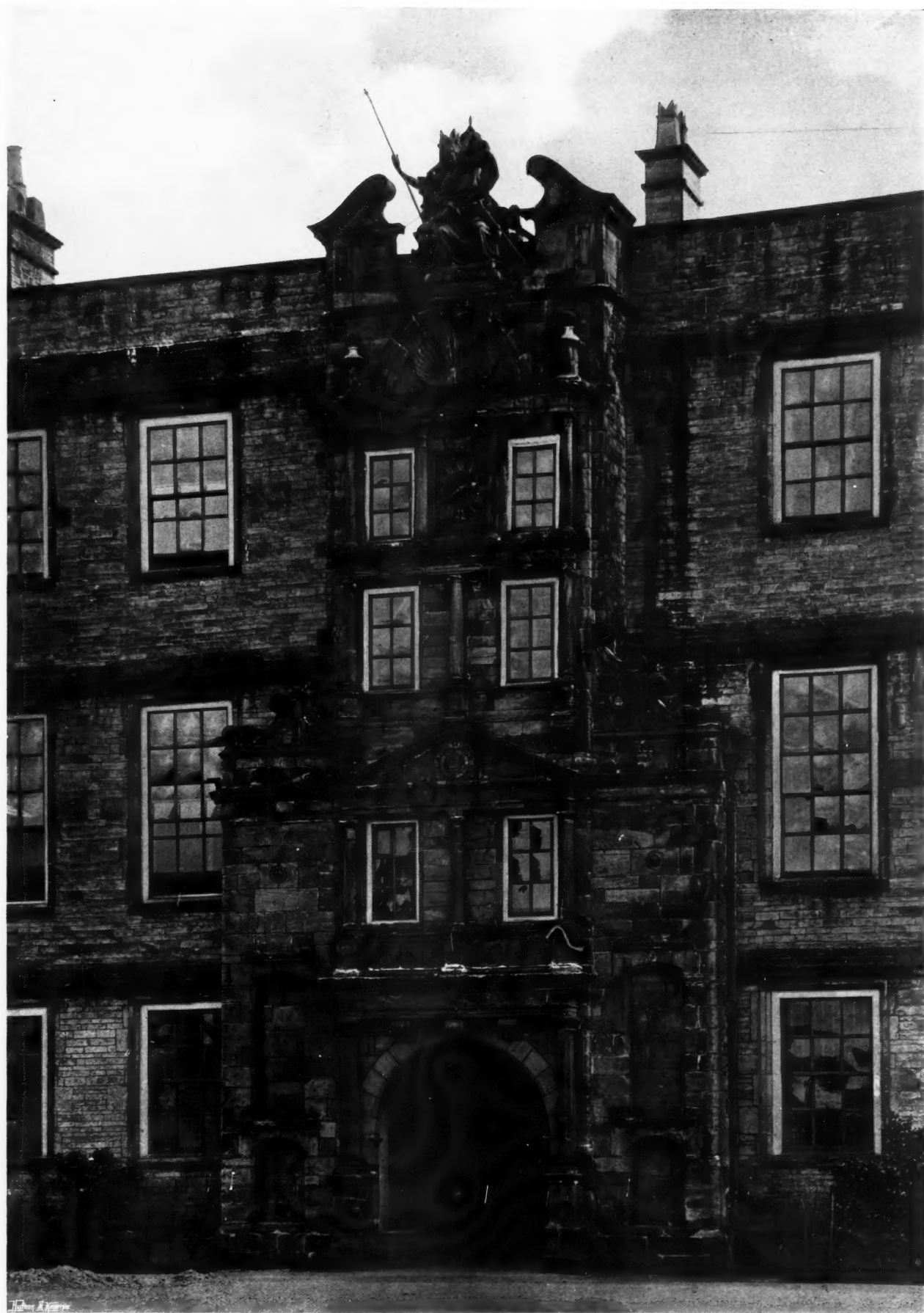
It is always interesting, in studying our English houses and their gardens, to discover, if we can, how they came to be where and what they are. How, for example, does it happen that in that district of ancient barrenness and untamed trackless wildness, the Forest of Macclesfield, wherein once the wild boar and the fallow deer had their hidden haunts; on these great hills which boldly front, across the tortuous Goyt, the dim edges of the High Peak, where, from the broken and shattered crest, the Titanic conflict went on, whereof the rocky missiles still lie far-stretched on the slopes below—how comes it that here the sombre front of Lyme Hall rises half ensconced in a hollow of the Cheshire hill? The nobility of the mansion's great extent, the solidity of its work in stone, the sturdy character that rests upon it, all would seem to speak of the long possession of an ancient line. And when we pass the portal we are, indeed, in another world than ours—the world of tradition and legend, with the visible evidences before us of those who bore their part in the days of the Edwards and the Henrys.

The house which stood on the site of the present Lyme Hall is spoken of in a rental of 1466 as "one fair hall, with a high chamber, kitchen, bakehouse and brewhouse, a granary, stable, and bailiff's house also, and a fair park surrounded by palings, and divers fields and hays of the value of 10*l.* yearly." Here had dwelt, as we infer, the steward or ranger of Macclesfield

Forest. In the days of the third Edward there was living a valiant Cheshire knight, one Sir Thomas Danyers, who was with the King in France, who took prisoner the Count de Tankerville, grand chamberlain of the French throne, and who, at Crecy, saved or rescued the standard of the Black Prince. For this good service the Prince granted to the knight the sum of 40*s.* a year out of the Manor of Frodsham, with the promise that he should afterwards have land to the value of 20*l.* yearly. But the knight died about 1352, and the Black Prince in June, 1376, the promise remaining unfulfilled. Sir Piers de Legh, sometimes called Perkyn a Legh, married in or about the year 1388 the widowed daughter of this Sir Thomas Danyers, who, if these dates be correct, must have been an infant when her father died; and Richard II., in reward for her father's services, and also of those of her husband, granted to them the Manor of Handley, or Lyme Handley, in the forest. It would appear that by this grant a stewardship was converted into a possession, after the lapse of many years, and Cheshire—that "seed-plot of nobility"—produced no worthier or more ancient line than that of Legh, which thus became seated on the *limites* or limes of the Forest of Macclesfield.

We see, therefore, how Lyme Hall comes to be where it is, and to be named as it is, its original having been a hunting or residential lodge on the borders of the Royal forest. Sir Piers de Legh was himself a prominent man in his time, who stoutly

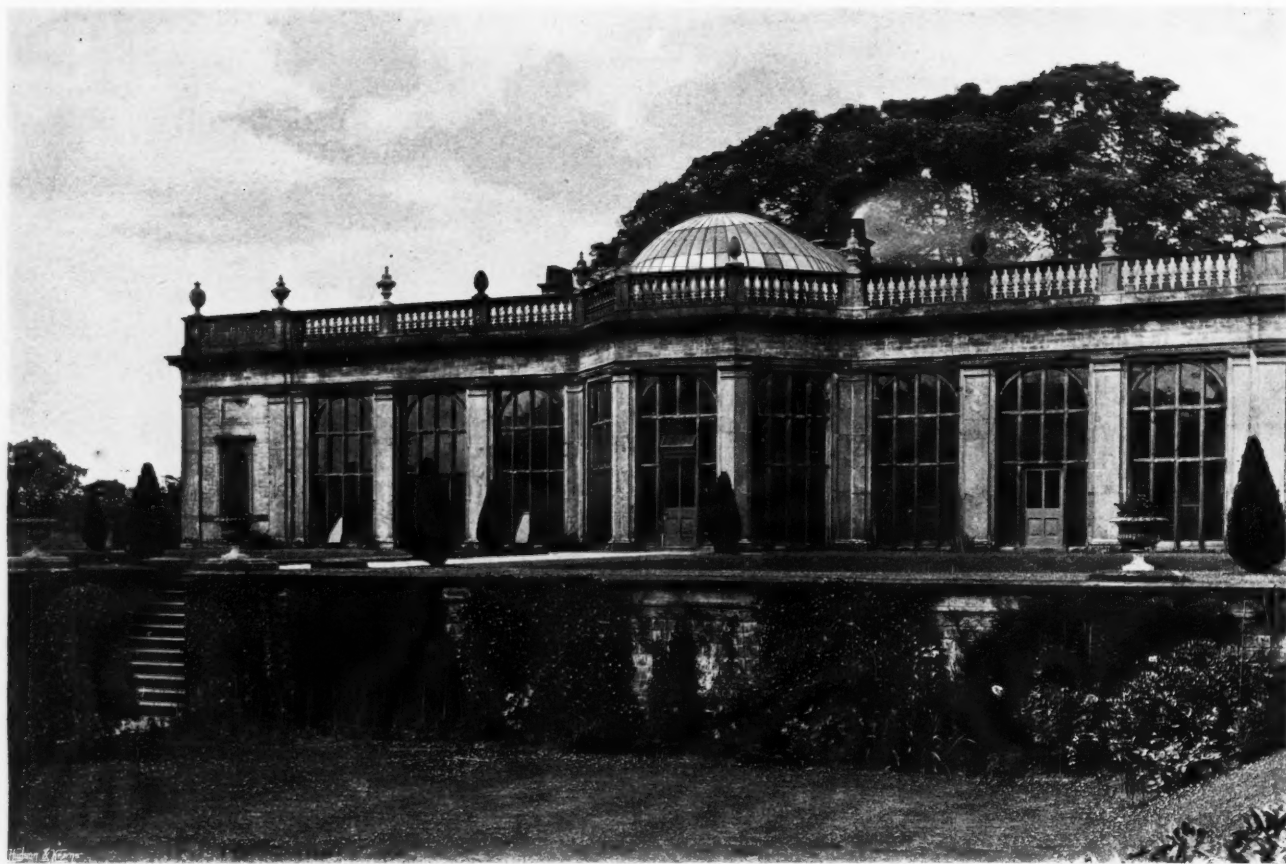




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THE NORTH ENTRANCE.

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THE ORANGERY.

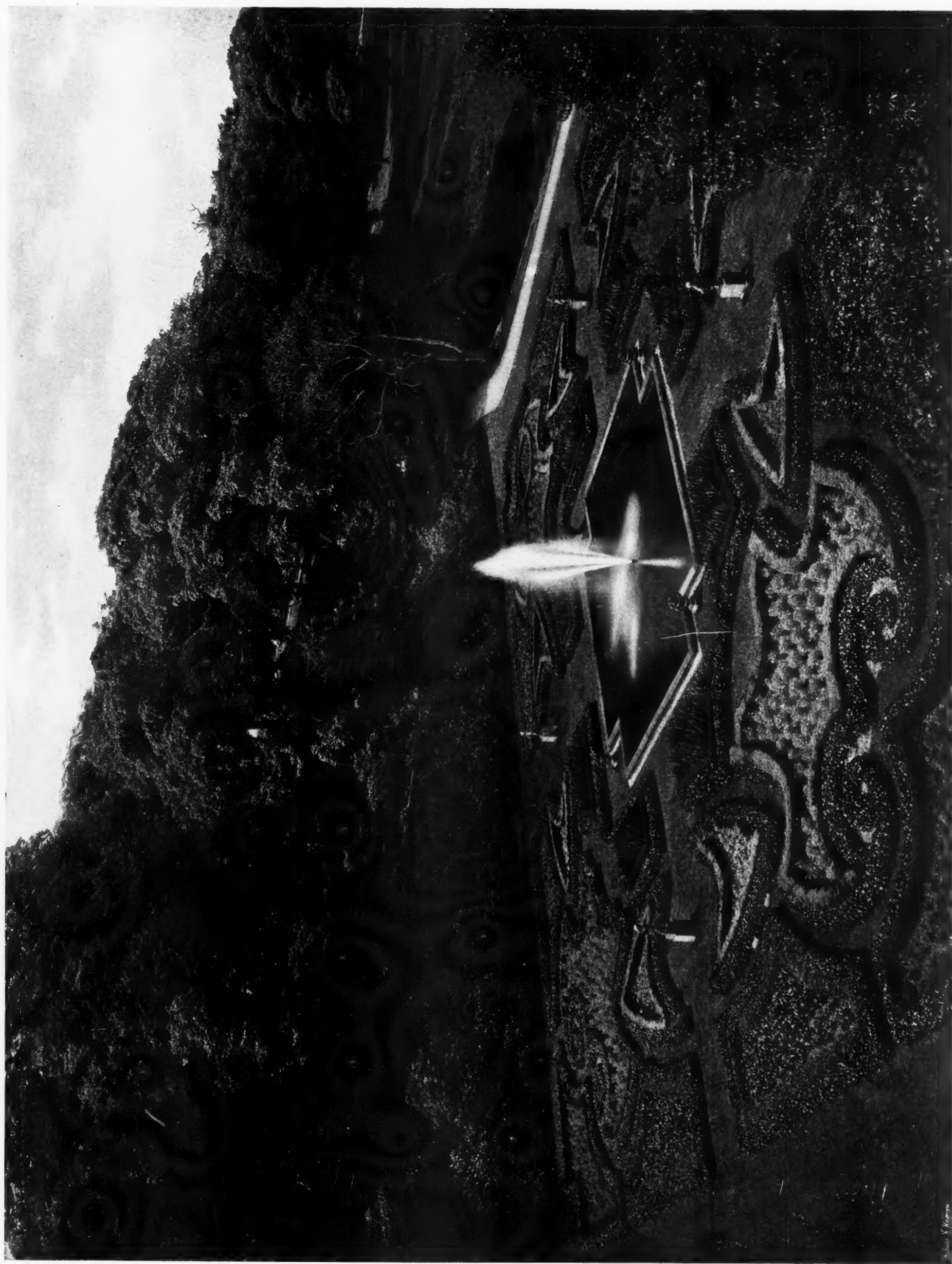
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CARVED STONE VASES, EAST TERRACE.

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"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE FOUNTAIN GARDEN.



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THE EAST SIDE OF THE QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

stood for Richard II. against Bolingbroke, and, apparently being in high command at Chester, was captured and beheaded there in 1399, his head being stuck on the principal gate of the city. He was afterwards buried in Macclesfield Church, where could be read in stone, and now remains in brass, the inscription:

"Here lyeth the bodie of Perkyn a Legh,
That for King Richard the death did die,
Betrayed for rightevsnes.
And the bones of Sir Peers, his sonne,
That with King Henry the fift did wonne
In Paris."

It has been credibly believed, on the authority of Hollinshed, and Burke and other later writers, that this Perkyn a Legh was the knight who captured the chamberlain of France and saved the Black Prince's banner; but dates are difficult to reconcile, and good evidence shows that it was in fact his father-in-law that did these valiant deeds. Notwithstanding which, when Flower, Norroy King-of-Arms, made his visitation of Cheshire in 1575, staying at Lyme Hall, and partaking of the rich hospitality of the Sir Piers

Legh of the time, he awarded to the knight an honourable addition to his arms, in the shape of "an escutcheon, a shield of augmentacon, sable, replenished with mollets, silver, to be by the said Piers and his posterity for ever hereafter borne, and be used as a testimony of his ancestor's good deeds." On the strength of which the knight forthwith embellished the inscription to Perkyn a Legh in Macclesfield church with the words: "This Perkyn serv'd King Edward the Third and the Black Prince, his sonne, in all their warres in France, and was at the battle of Cressie, and had Lyme given to him for his services."

We must go back now to the son of Perkyn, the second

Sir Piers, or Peter, de Legh, who likewise was a valiant soldier, as will have been inferred. He is noted in Sir Harris Nicolas's "History of the Battle of Agincourt," as having been one of the chief persons in the King's army, and he appears in the Battle Roll as "Monr. Piers de Legh," with his retinue, viz., Robert and Hugh de Orell, Thomas Sutton, John Pygott, and George de Asheley. There is some reason to believe that he was wounded in the



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THE LAKE AND THE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

battle, and an old ballad says:

"Then for sothe that knyght comely,
In Agincourt feld he faught manly;
Thorow grace of God most mighty
He bath both the felcie and the victory.
Deo gratias Anglia!
Redde pro victoria!"

The knight was fighting abroad again with Henry V., and seems to have been wounded, probably at Meaux, dying in Paris in 1422, whence his body was brought to Macclesfield to be buried. His son, the third Sir Piers, was also a soldier, and took the field on the Yorkist side, being knighted by the Duke of York at Wakefield, and receiving other rewards for his fidelity. We pass over several descents, in each of which the name of Piers was preserved, including the Sir Piers who was knighted by Edward IV. at Hutton Field or Berwick, to arrive at the Sir Piers who received the honourable augmentation to his arms from Flower, and was the builder of the existing Lyme Hall—the builder, that is, of some important parts that remain built up and encased in the present classic structure. Following the trade of arms like his fathers, he was knighted by Henry VIII., and was successively sheriff of Lancashire and Cheshire, and afterwards provost-marshal of the same counties. Sir Piers last named lived in a time when all over England the



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FROM THE EAST TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

rich were reconstructing the houses that their sires had dwelt in, or, more often, building new ones altogether. The "one fair hall" of 1466, with its "high chamber" and its outhouses, no longer sufficed, and a new structure arose more in consonance with the manners and character of the times. Already there was a park surrounded by palings, inclosed from the forest and well stocked with deer, but this Sir Piers may have enlarged his possessions, for he had licence to impark his lands. Space fails us to continue the distinguished story of descent, including Sir Piers knighted at Greenwich in 1598, who was Captain of the Isle of Man. Subsequent owners in the long line have further beautified and enriched the place, which is now in the possession of Lord Newton, whose father (son of Mr. William Legh of Lyme), after being many years in the House of Commons, was raised to the peerage in 1892.

The house thus raised in great and imposing classic proportions, embodying and encasing much of its predecessor, which, externally at least, was transformed almost out of knowledge, was completed about the year 1668. It was the heavy age which preceded the ponderous time of Vanbrugh, and in which



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WEST SIDE OF THE QUADRANGLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



"COUNTRY LIFE."

FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

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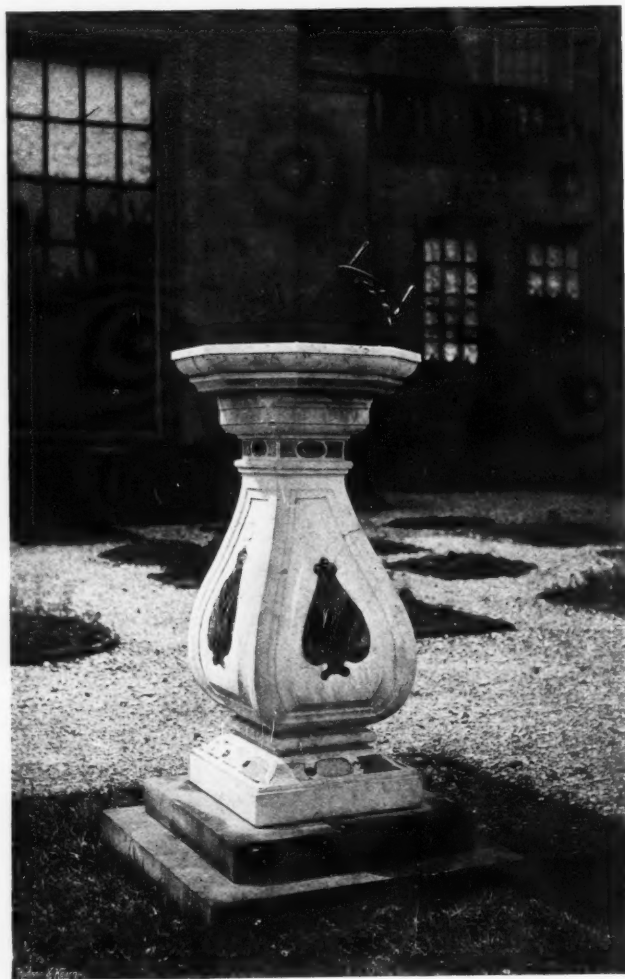
THE SOUTH WALK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

size and dignity were the qualities much sought after in the houses of the great; but, though classic in style, it was built upon the anterior quadrangular plan, which was maintained, as at Hampton Court, with lighter grace, by Wren. Although completed, the house did not remain unchanged, for, between 1726 and 1729, Giacomo Leoni, a Venetian architect, who owed his introduction to England to the munificence of Lord Burlington, was employed in altering the structure, encasing the north front, and adorning the singular and imposing, if somewhat heavy, entrance with a statue of Minerva, all armed, as if newly sprung from the head of Jove. At this time the house was completely transformed externally, and the great south front built; and at about the same period much of the terracing seems to have been done. A great deal of good work was executed in subsequent years, particularly early in the last century, when the place was enriched with many classic features, including antiques from Athens, Pompeii, and Egypt. Mr. Thomas Legh employed Mr. Lewis Wyatt upon this work, and the east front was much improved. The south front is imposing, with its fine Ionic portico, with fluted columns, pediment, and statuary, raised upon a rusticated base, and having from its windows enchanting prospects over the artificial water to the wooded reaches of the park. This is entirely the work of Leoni. The most characteristic feature of the exterior is the centre of the frontage to the older work on the north side, where is a round entrance archway, with a curious arrangement of windows and columns over it, surmounted by

a pediment, wherein are displayed the arms of the Leghs, the whole being flanked by solid masonry formed in shallow niches. Above these features are other windows and columns, giving place for a clock-dial, over which, in a semi-circular

arching, is a large shell ornament, the cresting of the whole being the seated figure of Minerva, enframed by a curved and open pediment. Some grace and originality are here, which compensate for a certain ponderous character in the work. There is variety on the east side, as seen from the raised terrace, where the figures of Diana and Actæon are upon the crest, much of this being the work of Mr. Lewis Wyatt; and also on the west front, where project the two shallow wings. Within the courtyard, where Leoni worked upon the old structure, the rustic arcade of the ground floor, the ascent to the pedimented doorway on the east, the windows, pilasters, and cornice give a very attractive appearance to the court. It is not the purpose here to describe the interior of the house, whose many notable and antique features have formed material for a series of photographs specially intended to illustrate the interior. This will form the subject of an article by itself, and till its appearance we must avoid all but the most cursory reference to the Ionic hall, the oak staircase, with its noble ceiling, the long gallery, the great drawing-room, with its rich panelling, fine ceiling, the grand chimney-piece with caryatides and the arms of Elizabeth, and the "Stag Parlour," with its elaborately sculptured mantel, and its friezes representing incidents of stag-hunting, for Lyme Hall has always been a great hunting seat.



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CUT IN MARBLE.

"C.L."

We have now seen how Lyme Hall came to be where it is, and to have the name it bears, and how it assumed its imposing aspect according to the spirit of the times in which it received its latest form. Now we must look a little at its surroundings, which are well seen in the excellent pictures. Let it be noted that a great work was necessary on the south and west fronts of the house, the south lawn having been raised by a high buttressed supporting wall, and the western garden in the same way. In the angle formed by these lofty walls, which are crested with vases of flowers, and clothed with splendid climbers, is the beautiful sunken fountain garden, with its central basin of water, and its admirably-formed pattern-work in evergreens and changing floral devices, contrasted admirably with the rich greens of the noble trees beyond on the slope. The south walk, overlooking the gardens and lake, is continued eastward by a series of flights of steps on the sloping side of the hill leading to the umbrageous shelter of the woodland, and there is a raised terrace walk on the east, with a row of richly-sculptured stone flower-vases, along its parapet, contrasting in the glowing hues of their flowers with the cool tones of the structure. Fine urns, vases, statues, and an excellent marble sundial are features not to be overlooked.

It is in harmony with the forest history and surroundings of Lyme Hall that there should be a character of wildness in its park, which has much woodland, and wherein are many untrodden thickets beloved by the fleet-footed deer. Once there was a notable herd of white cattle here, but which now appears to be almost extinct. There are splendid avenues of lime trees, and many venerable oaks. One was called the Derby Oak, because near by an Earl of Derby ran down a stag, and another the Bees' Oak, because within its hollow trunk were long found the waxen cities of the humming toilers. On an elevated position in the park (800ft.) stands "Lyme Cage," probably

originally a hunting-lodge, analogous to the Hunting Tower at Chatsworth, though tradition says it was once a prison for misdemeanants against the terrible forest laws. The "Cage" is tower-like and three stories high, with square projections rising above the roof at the angles, and a balustrade. It is a landmark in the district, and from its summit offers a wider prospect over the surrounding country—westward over the great Cheshire plains, with many a village and meadow, and on clear days the dim hills of Wales in the purple haze. The high grounds of Alderley and Bowdon are in view, with the smoke of Stockport, and Marple church, and round towards the east the lofty edges of Kinder Scout, from which the eye passes south to the great heights in which rises the rapid river Goyt. The prospect is full of the charm of natural wildness touched, but not spoiled, by the hand of cultivated care.

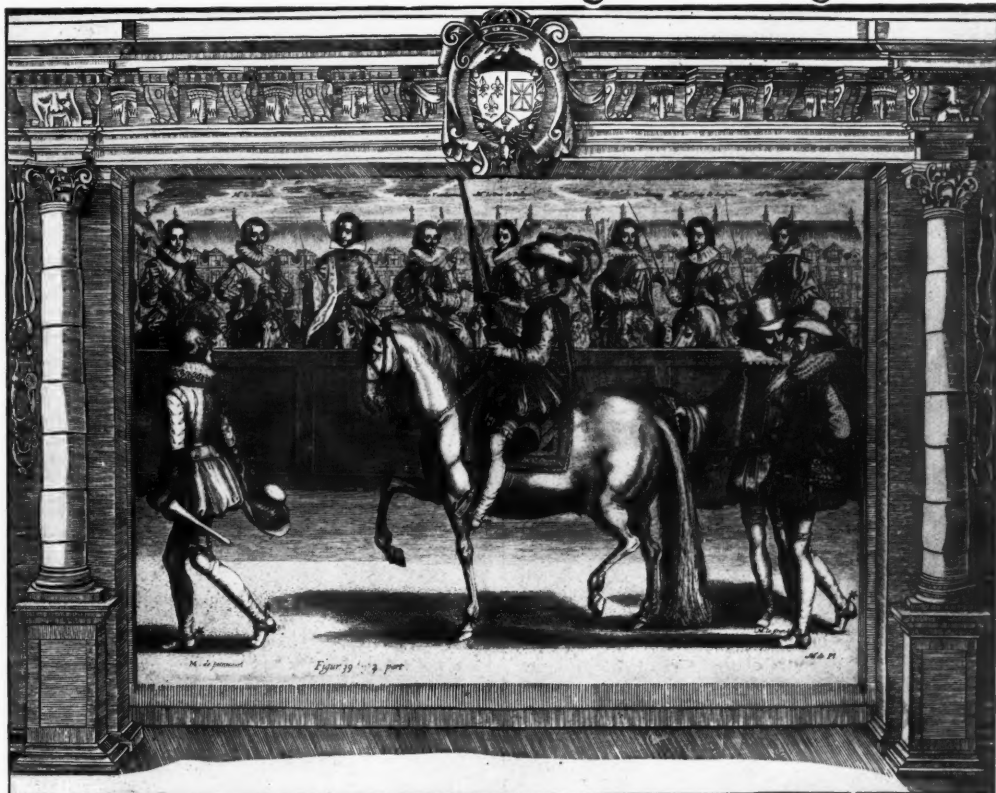
We have described Lyme Hall as having its origin in the forest, and now, in conclusion, it remains to speak of a curious custom once observed here, in which the denizens of the forest were tamed. It was the practice about midsummer to drive the red deer, as if they were cattle, through the park, and to collect them in front of the house, where they were forced through the water. The origin of the custom seems to be unknown, but the practice is said to have been perfected by one Joseph Walton, who died in 1753 at the age of 104, and who for more than sixty-four years had been park-keeper at Lyme. The custom is represented in a print by Vivares, after a painting by T. Smith, which depicts Lyme Park and the distant country, with the pack of deer in the foreground passing through the water, and the old stags emerging on the other side. This singular practice, which, however, seems at one time to have been observed at Townley in Lancashire, adds something to the interest of the great house and estate of Lyme, which in historic memories and original character, has perhaps no equal in Cheshire.

THE REVIVAL OF THE TOURNAMENT.—II.

AS promised in my last article, I will now proceed to describe a few of the more famous tournaments and jousts, as far as possible in the picturesque language of the old chroniclers.

The following passages from Froissart, translated by Lord Berners, give a vivid idea of the joust by an eye-witness at the end of the fourteenth century:

"At the scrimysse (*Anglicè*, skirmish, or, in modern football parlance, scrimmage) before Tourey, a Squire of Beauce advanced without being set on by any other person, and said to the Englishmen: 'Sirs, is there any gentleman among you that for the love of his lady will do any deed of arms?' and asserted his readiness to issue out, fully armed, on horseback, 'to run three courses with a spear, or strike three strokes with an axe and three strokes with a dagger.' The joust was witnessed by the Earls of Buckingham, Oxford, and Devonshire, and their men, the assault of Tourey being suspended. After two courses the meeting was adjourned. The next day, Gawen Mychael and Jochyme Cathore, the combatants, 'met at the speare poyntes rudely: the French squyer justed right pleasantly; the Englishman aimed too low, for he struck the Frenchman deep into the thygh,' thus displeasing the spectators; three strokes of the sword followed, and then the joust was stopped, for the squire's blood could not be." Or, again: "Sir John Holland and Sir Raynold de Roy, each of them a good distance from the other, made their turns and frisks favourably, for they knew well they were regarded. They ran together and met as even as though they had run by a line, and struck each other in the visor of their helmets, so that Sir Raynold de Roy broke his spear in four pieces, and the shivers flew a great height into the air, which course was greatly praised. Sir Raynold had the visor of his helmet made at advantage, for it was tied but with a small lash—the lash broke with the stroke, and the helmet

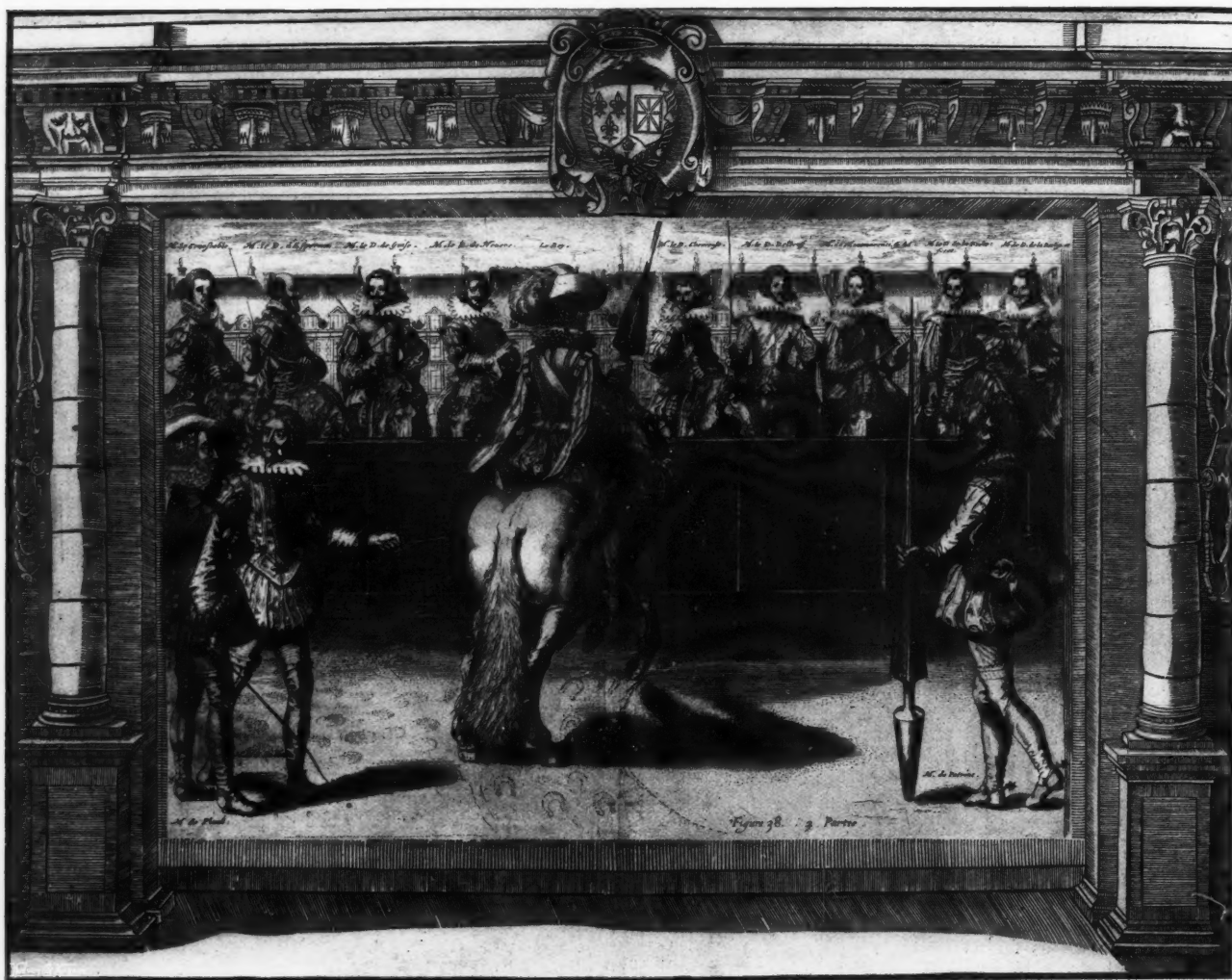


THE KING (LOUIS XIII.) MARCHES PAST.

By Crispin de Puss.

flew off his head, so that the knight was bareheaded—and so passed forth their third course, and Sir John discharged and bare his staff freshly. Then every man said it was a goodly course."

Lord Dillon has described in "Archæologia" a collection of Ordinances of chivalry of the fifteenth century belonging to Lord Hastings, wherein is illuminated the combat with axes that took place in Smithfield between John Astley and Philip Boyle of Aragon on June 30th, 1441-42, where Henry VI. is seated as judge in a sort of sentry-box at the top of a flight of steps, with a background of houses, and St. Bartholomew's Church in the distance. The lists are formed by posts and rails, with sliding bars—at the foot of the steps are four men-at-arms, with long-handled axes—and the same paper furnishes an illustration of Sir John Astley jousting at the tilt (composed of six planks



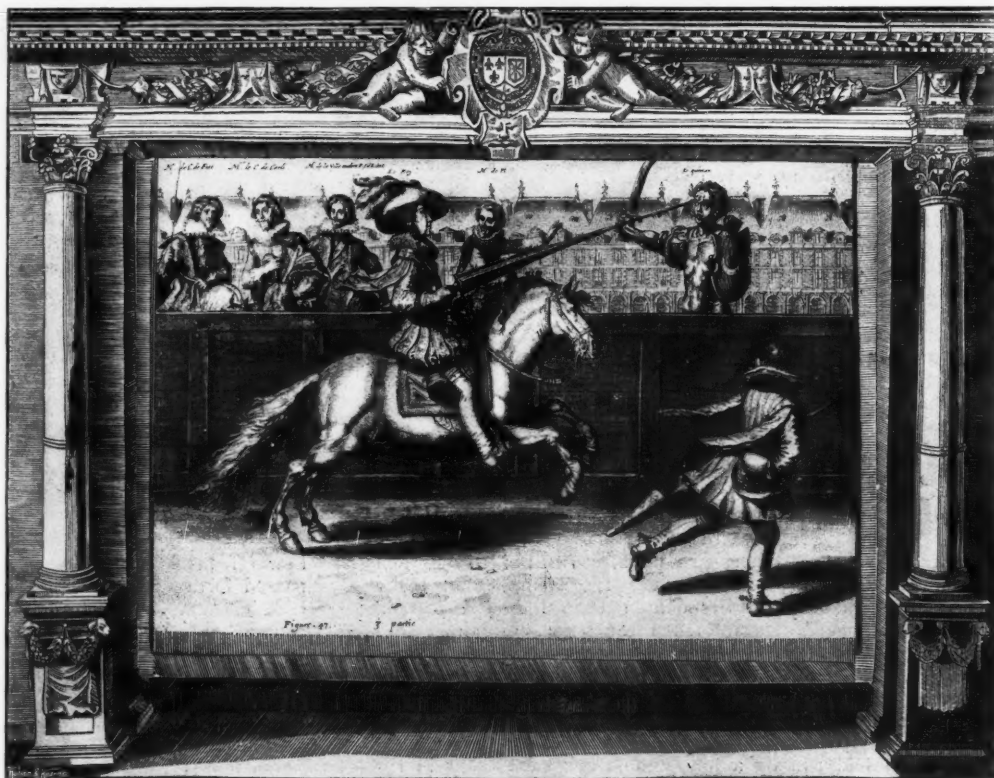
THE KING (LOUIS XIII.) PRESENTS ARMS.

By Crispin de Pass.

about 5ft. high), over which the combatants' lances are shivered into splinters.

Tournaments at Smithfield are thus described in Stow's "Survey": "In the fourteenth of Richard II., after Froissart, royal jousts and tournaments were proclaimed to be done in Smithfield, to begin on Sunday next, after the feast of St. Michael. Many strangers came forth of other countries, namely, Valarian, Earl of St. Paul, that had married King Richard's sister, the Lady Maud Courtney, and William, the young Earl of Ostervant, son to Albart of Baviere, Earl of Holland and 'Henault.' At three o'clock there issued from the Tower sixty coursers, apparelled for the jousts, each ridden by an esquire of honour 'riding a soft pace'; then sixty ladies of honour mounted upon palfreys, every lady leading a knight with a chain of gold: the knights of the King's party had their harness and apparel garnished with white harts, with crowns of gold around their necks"—Richard II. is said to have adopted the badge first on this occasion, from the white hind worn by his mother, the Fair Maid of Kent. The procession was headed by trumpets. The King and Queen had come from their lodgings in the Bishop's Palace to see the jousts from chambers, to which also the ladies

ascended, when taken down from their palfreys. The esquires alighted from the coursers, which the knights mounted; their helmets were put upon their heads, proclamation was made by



LOUIS XIII. PLAYS AT THE QUINTAINE.

By Crispin de Pass.

the heralds, and the jousts began, "and many commendable courses were run." Stow also narrates how the Earl of Marr came from Scotland in 1393, and challenged the Earl of Nottingham, when the former was "cast both man and horse," had two ribs broken, and finally died at York on his way back to Scotland.

In 1409 a royal jousting was held between the Earl of Somerset and the Seneschal of Henault, and others, against certain Frenchmen. "In the year 1467, the seventh of Edward IV., the Bastard of Burgoine challenged the Lord Scales, brother to the Queen, to fight with him, both on horseback and on foot; the King, therefore, caused lists to be prepared in Smithfield, the length of 120 tailors' yards and roft., double barred, 5ft. between the bars, the timber-work whereof cost 200 marks, besides the fine and costly galleries prepared for the ladies and others, at the which martial enterprise the King and nobility were present.

"The first day they ran together with spears, and departed with equal honour. The next day they tourneyed on horseback, the Lord Scales' horse having on his chafron (chanfron—

this street (West Shepe Street, betwixt Sopar's Lane and the Great Cross), namely, one in the year 1331, the 21st Sept., as I find noted by divers writers of that time. In the middle of the city of London (say they), in a street called Cheape, the stone pavement being covered with sand, that the horses might not slide, when they strongly set their feet to the ground, the King held a tournament three days together, with the nobility, valiant men of the realm, and other some strange Knights."

A wooden scaffold was erected across the street, like a tower, where Queen Philippa and ladies, richly attired, stood to behold the jousts; but the scaffold broke, and the ladies fell upon the knights, who were "grievously hurt." At the Queen's intercession, the carpenter was saved from punishment, and the King caused a stone shed to be erected by the church of St. Mary Bow. The meeting and tourneying of Henry VIII. and Francis I., at the Field of the Cloth of Gold, in 1520, is better known, through Brewer's "History," than the challenge recorded by Sir William Segar, when the same King, "in his owne royall person, with William, Earle of Devonshire, Sir Thomas Knevet, and Edward Nevil, Esquire, answered all commers at



LOUIS XIII. CARRIES OFF THE RING.

by Crispin de l'ass.

head armour) a long spear-pike of steel; and as the two champions coped together, the same horse thrust his pike into the nostrils of the Bastard's horse, so that for very pain he mounted so high that he fell on the one side with his master, and the Lord Scales rode about him with his sword drawn, till the King commanded the marshall to help up the Bastard, who said, 'I cannot hold me by the clouds; for though my horse fail me, I will not fail an Encounter Companion'; but the King would not suffer them to do any more that day.

"The next morrow they came into the lists on foot with two poleaxes, and fought valiantly; but at the last the point of the poleaxe of the Lord Scales entered into the side of the Bastard's helm, and by the force might have placed him on his knees, but the King cast down his warder, and the marshall severed them. The Bastard required that he might perform his Enterprise; but the King gave judgment as the Bastard relinquished his challenge. And this may suffice for jousts in Smithfield."

From Stow's "Survey" we also borrow the following accounts of jousts in Cheape:

"In the reign of Edward III. divers joustings were made in

Westminster. The King called himself *Cœur Loyal*; the Lord William, *Bon Voloir*; Sir Thomas Knevet, *Valiant Desire*; and Edward Nevil, *Joyous Pensier*."

In the year 1581, Hollingshead chronicles the arrival at Dover of the Commissioners of the French King to Elizabeth, Francis of Bourbon, and Prince Dolphin of Avergne, in whose honour a Triumph (or, as the French would say, a "Carrousel") was performed, the challengers being the Earl of Arundel, Lord Windsor, Master Philip Sidney, and Master Fulk Grevill. The gallery at the end of the tilt-yard was called "The Castle or Fortress of Perfect Beauty," Her Majesty being included therein, and this was to be defended against the challengers by the knights of the Queen's Court, first at the tilt in so many courses, as the Queen should appoint, and then with lance and sword. The Earl of Arundel was in gilt and engraven armour, with caparisons and furniture richly embroidered, with two gentlemen ushers and four pages on spare horses, and twenty of his gentlemen, in short cloaks and venetian hose of crimson velvet with gold lace doublets of yellow satin, hats of crimson velvet with gold bands and yellow feathers, and yellow silk stocks. Six

trumpeters went before him sounding, and thirty-one yeomen behind him.

Philip Sidney wore armour part blue and the rest gilt and engraven, with four spare horses caparisoned in cloth of gold embroidered with pearls and gold and silver feathers; and his retinue was four pages, thirty gentlemen and yeomen, and four trumpeters, who wore scarfs with his device, "Sic vos non vobis," enscribed upon them; and after speeches in verse the courses took place between the defenders and assailants, where they "did verie noblie, as the shivering of the swords might very well testify."

The judging at tournaments cannot always have been a simple task; very nice questions sometimes arose as to which of the combatants was worsted, as, for instance, in the following account reported by Sir William Segar in his "Honor, Military and Civil":

"It is written how at a triumph in the noble cite of Naples, a gentleman called the L. Peter Count of Devises received so furious an encounter by the lance of another that ran against him that therewith he became at one instant disarmed of his shield, his curats (cuirasse) and head-piece, so he being utterly disarmed was left on horseback in his doublet only, without other harness. In requital whereof, the said Peter gave unto the other gentleman so violent a blow, as therewithall the girths of the horse were broken, and the man cast headlong on the ground.

"Whereupon a question was moved, which of them had merited most honour, or rather which of them deserved least reproch? Whereunto was answered absolutely, that he who fell from the horse was most dishonored, for (next unto death) to fall from the horse is most reprochfull."

The "Carrousel," in the words of Guerinière (the author of the "Ecole de Cavalerie"), "is a military fête or a sham fight (*image de combat*) represented by a troop of Cavaliers divided into several quadrilles intended to form courses, for which prizes are given"—chariots, machines, decorations, devices, declamations, concerts, and horse ballets are a few of the diversions of the "Carrousel." The whole thing was directed by a "Field-Master" with his aides-de-camp. Each quadrille is made up of "tenants" and "assailants," who give and receive challenges. In brief, the "Carrousel" may be, perhaps, summed up as a sort of tournament turned into a ballet, danced by horses, ridden by the courtiers, and carried out with all the formality and ceremonial of the Court of the Grand Monarch.

A "Carrousel" is thus described by Voltaire in his "Siècle de Louis XIV.":

"In 1662 a Carrousel was given in the Tuileries (not in the Place Royale), in a vast enclosure, which has retained the name of the Place du Carrousel. It contained five quadrilles. The King (Louis XIV.) was at the head of the Romans, his brother of the Persians, the Prince de Condé of the Turks, the Duc d'Enghien, his son, of the Indians, and the Duc de Guise of the Americans; the last was celebrated for the unsuccessful audacity with which he had undertaken to make himself Master of Naples. The Queen-mother, the reigning Queen, the Queen of England, widow of Charles I., forgetful then of her misfortunes, were under a dais at this spectacle. The Count de Saulx, son of the Duc de Lesdiguières, carried off the prize, and received it at the hands of the Queen-mother. These fêtes revived more than ever the taste for devices and emblems which tournaments had formerly brought into fashion, and which had survived them.

"An antiquary, named Dourrier, at this time imagined for Louis the emblem of a sun darting its rays upon a globe, with the words *Nec pluribus impar*. The idea was a slight imitation of a Spanish device for Philip II., and more suitable for that King, who possessed the finest part of the New World, and so many States in the old, than for a young King of France, who at present only gave hopes. . . . Louis XIV. himself admits in his Memoirs that the legend is obscure and embarrassed."

This pageant is finely illustrated in Perrault's folio. At the fête of Versailles, in 1664, there was first a kind of "Carrousel." Those who took part in it appeared the first day as at a

review; they were preceded by heralds, pages, squires bearing their devices and shields, and on their shields were written, in golden letters, verses composed by Perigni and Benserade. The King represented Roger; all the diamonds of the crown glittered over his dress and the horse he rode. The Queen and 300 ladies under triumphal arches beheld this entry. The cavalcade was followed by a gilt car 18ft. high, 15ft. broad, 24ft. long, representing the Car of the Sun, the Four Ages, Gold, Silver, Bronze, and Iron; the celestial signs, the seasons, the hours, followed the car on foot. We call to mind in this connection Bacon's remark, in his "Essay of Masques and Triumphs," "The glories of them are chiefly in the chariots, wherein the challengers make their entry, especially if they be drawn with strange beasts." M. Henri Martin writes in his "History of France": "It is in this century, so remote from chivalry and mediævalism, that the chivalrous ideal is realised in regard to manners and favours. The fêtes of Louis XIV. surpass all the dreams of romance. We must transport ourselves in thought to the midst of these jousts, from which danger has been eliminated, by substituting for contests of strength those of address, in which the most brilliant youth of the world is in rivalry of grace and agility before an incomparable élite of women radiant in wit and beauty."

The tournament in our illustrations is from Pluvinel's "Exercice du Roy," engraved by Crispin de Pass. It is a purely spectacular tourney, of which the young King Louis XIII. is the head, with his courtiers, and all the great contemporary men of France are depicted as witnessing the fictitious prowess of their monarch. The plates show the final stages of the King's initiation into the mysteries of the manège under the tuition of M. de Pluvinel, whose features bear a strong resemblance to those of the late Lord Leighton. The jousting would have taken place either in the courtyard of the Louvre, which Henry IV. had added on to the Tuileries as at once a palace, and a museum of every form of human art, industry, and activity; or it may be in the Place Royale (now surviving as the Place des Vosges), in which it has been said the spirit of the age is truly manifested, and which Henry IV. built to resemble the towns in the Alps, with pleasant porticoes or piazzas.

I am at the end of my space, and have hardly done more than *effleurer* the great subject of tournaments. There has been no chance of dealing in detail with the horses (the *destrier*, palfrey), the armour of man and horse, the laws, conditions, and *ordonnances* of the tournament, the exact description of the weapons (the lance, etc.), each of which might well fill a separate article. It only remains for me to suggest a few authorities, besides the books already mentioned, to those who would pursue the subject further, to wit: Du Cange's "Glossarium and Dis-sertations sur Joinville"; Viollet-le-Duc's "Dictionnaire du Mobilier"; Caxton's "Of the Order of Chivalry"; Petitot's "Memoirs" (Vol. IV., Du Quesclin); Vulson de la Colombière, "Le Théâtre d'honneur" (gives the "Ordonnance faite sur les Tournois"); Sir William Segar's "Honor, Military and Civil"; Favyn's "Theatre of Honour," 1613; M. de la Carne de Sainte Palaye, "Mémoires sur l'Ancienne Chevalerie," 1759; Oman's "Art of War in the Middle Ages"; Ch. Houssier's "Histoire du Cheval"; Georges Chastelain, "Vie de Jacques de Lalaing"; and, finally, that excellent summary in the Social England Series, "Chivalry," by Mr. F. Warre Cornish, which I myself have only become acquainted with in the course of these articles. And now, in the words of the Troubadour and Crusader, William of Poitou, I say to my subject, so inadequately handled: "Adieu, brillants tournois, adieu, grandeur et magnificence!"

A. FORBES SIEVERING.

THE MILKY WAY.

By FIONA MACLEOD.

WITH the first sustained breath of frost the beauty of the Galaxy becomes the chief glory of the nocturnal skies. What amplitude of space, what infinite depths it reveals, and how mysterious that filmy stardrift blown like a streaming banner from behind the incalculable brows of an unresting Lord of Space, one of those Sons of the Invisible, as an oriental poet has it, whose ceaseless rush through eternity leaves but this thin and often scarce visible dust, "delicate as the tost veil of a dancing girl swaying against the wind." Perhaps no one of our poets, and poetry ancient and modern and of every country and race is full of allusions to the Galaxy, has more happily imaged it in a single line than Longfellow has done in

"Torrent of light and river of the air."

As a river, or as a winding serpent, or as a stellar road, it has imaginatively been conceived by almost every people, though

many races have delighted in the bestowal of a specific name, as though it were not an aggregation of star-clusters and nebulae, but a marvellous creature of the heavens, as, perhaps, we may conceive the Great Bear, or Orion, or moons-beset Jupiter, or Saturn among his mysterious rings. Thus in the Book of Job it is called the Crooked Serpent; the Hindûs of Northern India call it the Dove of Paradise (Swarga Duari), though they have or had a still finer name signifying the Court of God; and the Polynesians give it the strange but characteristic designation "The Long, Blue, Cloud-Eating Shark."

Last night I watched the immense tract for a long time. There was frost in the air, for I saw that singular pulsation which rightly or wrongly is commonly held to be an optical illusion, the aspect as of a pulse, or of an undulating motion of life such as one might dimly perceive in the still respiration of some sleeping saurian. There appeared to be countless small

stars, and in the darker spaces the pale vaporous drift became like the trail of phosphorescence in the wake of a vessel: at times it seemed almost solid, a road paven with diamonds and the dust of precious stones, with flakes as of the fallen plumage of wings—truly *Arianrod*, the Silver Road, as the Celts of old called it. Of course it was no more than a fantasy of the dreaming imagination, but it seemed to me more than once that as a vast indefinite sigh came from the windless but nevertheless troubled sea there was a corresponding motion in that white mysterious Milky Way, so infinitely remote. It was as though the Great Snake—as so many bygone peoples called and as many submerged races still call the Galaxy—lay watching from its eternal lair that other Serpent of Ocean which girdles the rolling orb of our onward-rushing Earth: and breathed in slow mysterious response: and, mayhap, sighed also into the unscanned void a sigh infinitely more vast, a sigh that would reach remote planets and fade along the gulfs of incalculable shores.

As winter comes, the Milky Way takes on a new significance for pastoral and other lonely peoples, for shepherds and fisher-folk above all. Songs and poems and legends make it familiar to everyone. A hundred tales own it as a mysterious background, as *Brocéliande* is the background of a hundred Breton ballads, or as *Avalon* is the background of a hundred romances of the Cymric and Gaelic Celt. The Hebridean islanders seldom look at it on still frosty nights without in the long idle hours recalling some old name or allusion, some ancient *rann* or *oran*, some *duan* or *iorram* of a later day, related to the mystery and startling appealing beauty of the Silver Road. It has many names on the lips of these simple men, who have little learning beyond the Bible and what life on the waters and life in the hearts of other simple men and women have taught them. Sometimes these names are beautiful, as "Dust of the World" (or universe, *an domhain*) or the "Kyle of the Angels" (the Strait or Sound): sometimes apt and natural, as "the Herring Way," and "the Wake": sometimes legendary, as "the Road of the Kings" (the old gods, from Fionn back to the Tuatha Dedannan) or as "the Pathway of the Secret People": sometimes sombre or grotesque, as "The Shroud" or as "the Bag of the Great Miller."

There is especial interest for us, of course, in the legendary associations of the Anglo-Saxon and Scandinavian and Celtic or Gaelic peoples. These, in common with the majority of western nations, image the Milky Way more as a "road" or "street" than as a serpent or than as a river—though the Norse have their *Midhgarðsormr*, connected in association with the *Weltum-Spanner* ("Stretcher-round-the-World") or Ocean-Stream.

I do not know when the Milky Way as a designation first came into common English use. Possibly there is no prior mention to that in Chaucer's *Hous of Fame*:

"Se yonder, lo, the Galaxyë,
Which men clepeth the Milky Wey"

—an allusion which certainly points to already familiar usage. It is now, I fancy, almost universal. Perhaps the old translator Eden was among the first to popularise it, with his rendering of the Latin *Via Lactis* and *Via Lactea* as "the Mylke way" and "Mylke whyte way." There has been no need to derive the term from the Italian *via latte* or the French *Voie lactée*, since Eden's use and Chaucer's preceded that of any French poet or romancist. Certainly the phrase became part of our literature after it passed golden from the mint of Milton (paraphrasing Ovid)—

"Broad and ample road whose dust is gold,
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear
Seen in the Galaxy, that milky way
Which nightly as a circling zone thou seest
Powdered with stars."

It is rarely now alluded to as the Galaxy, and probably never by unlettered people. In most parts of England for centuries, and it is said in many parts still, the common designation is "The Way of Saint James." This has a singular correspondence in the name popular among the French peasants, "the Road of Saint Jacques of Compostella." Originally a like designation was common in Spain, though for a thousand years the popular epithet runs *El Camino de Santiago*, after the Warrior-Saint of the Iberian peoples. I am told that "the Way of Saint James" is common in certain counties of England, but I have never heard it, nor do I wholly recall the reason of this particular nomenclature. In some form the road-idea continually recurs. How many readers of these notes will know that the familiar "Watling Street"—that ancient thoroughfare from Chester through the heart of London to Dover—was also applied to this Galaxy that perchance they may look at to-night from quiet country-side, or village, or distant towns, or by the turbulent seas of our unquiet coasts, or by still waters wherein the reflection lies and scintillates like a phantom phosphorescence. Watling Street does not sound a poetic equivalent for the Milky Way, but it has a finer and more ancient derivation than "the Way of Saint James." The word goes back to Hoveden's "*Watlinga-Strete*," itself but slightly anglicised from the Anglo-Saxon *Waetlinga Straet*, where the words mean the Path of the Waetlings, the giant sons of King Waetla, possibly identical with the giant Sons of Turenn of

ancient Gaelic legend, heroes who went out to achieve deeds impossible to men, and traversed earth and sea and heaven itself in their vast epical wanderings. Another curious old English name of the Galaxy, of great beauty in its significance, is "Walsyngham Way." Why the Galaxy should be so called might well puzzle us, were it not explained by the fact that up till near the middle of the sixteenth century one of the most common English names of the Virgin Mary was "Our Lady of Walsyngham," from the fact that the Blessed Mother's chief shrine in the country was at Walsyngham Abbey in Norfolk. Further, as "the Way to Walsyngham" in common parlance signified the road to the earthly tabernacle of Mary, so "Walsyngham Way," as applied to the Galaxy, signified the celestial road to the virgin Mother in heaven. Much more barbaric is a name for the Milky Way still to be heard in Celtic Wales, *Caer Gwydyon*, the Castle or Fortress of Gwythion. This Gwythion or Gwydyon was a kind of Merlin Sylvestris. He was known as the Enchanter, the Wizard as we would say now, and was feared on this account, and because he was the son of Don, King of the Otherworld, Lord of the Secret People, the "fairies" of later tradition. Like Grania, the beautiful wife of Fionn, whose elopement with Dermid and their subsequent epical odyssey is the subject of one of the greatest and to this day most popular of Gaelic legendary romances, the wife of Gwythion fled from his following vengeance from land to land, across seas, over mountains, "to the ends of the earth," and at last with her faery lover dared the vast untrodden ways of the remote skies. But long before they could reach Arcturus, or whatever the star or planet to which they fled, Gwythion overtook them, led by the dust which these mortal if semi-divine fugitives made along the soundless dark blue roads of heaven. He slew them and their winged horses and their aerial hounds, and standing on the verge of space flung the heads and limbs and bodies into infinitude. Hence the meteors and falling stars which at the season of the autumnal equinox and at the approach of winter may still be seen whirling adown the bastions of high heaven. So terrible in tragedy, so titanic the deed, that to all eternity, or as long as our world endures, the phantom iteration of that mighty vengeance shall commemorate the inappeasable anger of Gwythion the Enchanter. Is there not convincing evidence in the unpassing dust of that silent highway of the doomed lovers . . . the dust of the trampled star-way that no wind of space has blown to this side or to that, that no alchemy of sun or moon has burned up or like dew dissolved?

Besides "Watling Street," our Anglo-Saxon forbears had *Iringes Weg* or *Wec* and *Bil-Idun's Weg*; Iringe and Bil-Idun having been famous descendants of the Waetla already alluded to. They were warders of the Bridge of Asgard, the Scandinavian Heaven. In time this Asgard-Bridge came to be given as a name to the Milky Way . . . though the later poets applied the epithet also to the Rainbow. Readers of Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology* will remember that he cites many collateral instances. Thus the Vikings knew the Galaxy as *Wuolanes Straza*, or "Woden's Street"; the Dutch have in common use *Vronelden Street*, "the women's Street"; and the German peasants commonly call it *Jakob's Weg*. The Westphalian term is singular and suggestive, "Weather Street." One wonders if there is any common idea that weather is in any way as closely associated with the Milky Way as are the vernal floods and the autumnal rains with the Pleiades. Probably the bestowal of the name is due to the fact that when the Galaxy is clear and bright and scintillant the weather is serene and dry. A more poetic designation is that of the Finns, who delight in the term *Linnunrata*, the Birds' Way, either from an old Finnish and Estonian legend that once by a miracle all the songs of all the birds of the world were turned into a cloud of snow-white tiny wings, or from the more likely belief that it is the road of winged spirits on their passage from earth to heaven. This is, of course, a very ancient conception. The ancient Hindûs revealed it in the phrase "the Path of Aryaman": the ancient Norse as "the Path of the Ghosts" going to Valhalla: the ancient Gaels as the Hero-Way, leading from Earth to Flatheanas, the Abode of Eternal Youth. It is strange and suggestive that not only the North American aborigines called it "the Trail to Ponemah" (the Hereafter), but that people so rude as the Eskimo and the Bushmen of South Africa call it "the Asben Path," the road of fire-ember signals, for the ghosts of the dead. Even the Patagonians speak of the Milky Way as the white pumpas where their dead are immortal huntsmen rejoicing in the pursuit of countless ostriches.

But of all popular names I do not think any is more apt and pleasant than that common to the Swedish peasantry, who call the Galaxy *Winter Gatan*—i.e., "Winter Street." It is the Winter Street we must all travel some day, if the old poets say true, when the green grass grows on our quiet beds, when the loudest wind will not fret the silence in our tired minds, and when day and night are become old forgotten dreams. May we too find it the Pathway of Peace, . . . not the least beautiful of the names of the Milky Way, not the least beautiful of the legends connected with that lovely wonder of our winter skies.

THE BREAKING OF DOGS.

VISITORS who have traversed that part of Wessex which has furnished Mr. Thomas Hardy with the scenes of many of his novels, will know the district round Hyde, the estate of Mr. C. J. Radclyffe. It is a land of down and covert and seascape, and it is also a great land for game—pheasant and partridge, rabbit, hare, and deer—and in this respect it is exactly to the taste of the owner, who, as need hardly be said in these columns, is one of the keenest sportsmen in England, and one of the doggiest of dog-owners. It is doubtful if he himself could enumerate all the dogs that he owns at the present time; indeed, one stumbles against them everywhere. There is a splendid working pack of Clumber spaniels, and at all the keepers' houses there are kennels of dogs, while it seems to a casual stranger that every available spot has been allotted to a dog of one breed or another. Under hayricks, around most of the cottage doors, in disused cowsheds, and other highly unexpected places, one comes upon dogs as various in breed as the celebrated list given by Shakespeare—spaniels, pointers, various breeds of retrievers, including the celebrated white retrievers, which are a unique characteristic of the estate, and the yellow and black Labradors. It would be interesting to dwell on these white retrievers if space permitted. They are not albinos, but merely freaks in colour. They are absolutely pure-bred, and have been selected from litters in which their own brothers and sisters were the ordinary black colour. Of course, in this way a new breed legitimately originates. Suppose that Captain



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WAITING FOR THE LINE TO START.

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Radclyffe were to mate two white ones, it may be confidently assumed that, though the majority of the litter would revert to the black

colour, one or two white puppies would come, and these could be used again and again, till the white breed was permanently established. There are to-day a few owners who possess a breed of yellow retrievers, but they form a breed equally distinct from the old-fashioned wavy-coated retriever and the Labra-



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dors. The most noted breed of these yellow dogs is now owned by the Earl of Ilchester. On the other hand, it is safe to say that there is not in England a more perfect specimen of a so-called yellow Labrador dog than the one owned by Captain Radclyffe; and, as this is a good example of what a perfectly broken dog should be, a number of the illustrations which accompany this article have been taken of him in the field. There is something very fascinating to the lover of dogs in the unceasing keenness which is displayed by Labradors. In illustration, take for example the attitudes and expression of those in three of our photographs. One can almost tell from the study of these dogs at the side of their respective masters exactly what is going on in front of them. In one, the dog is correctly sitting down while his owner halts for a line of guns to get into position to walk through a turnip-field. It may be observed how intently this dog is watching the other guns and dogs as they take up their respective positions. In the third the same dog is shown as keen as mustard longing to go for the rabbit which crosses the open in front, yet obedient and waiting until he gets the order to move. In the fourth the



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attitude of the dog alone would suggest the advent of a pheasant, which, as a matter of fact, is just about to issue from the hazel bushes in front, whence it has been flushed by the ubiquitous Clumber just visible as he dashes out into the open. In two of the other photographs it may be seen how the same two dogs absolutely put their game into their masters' hands. In No. 5 there is no laying back of the dog with both fore feet struck in the ground, and clinging tightly to the bird until it is forcibly taken out of his mouth, as we often see. But here he stands easily and gently, with one foot slightly raised, showing clearly how softly and kindly he is relinquishing the bird. Again, in No. 6 the same thing is being done with a hare in the most approved style. They are also trustworthy and accomplished in many ways, and can be relied on if left in charge, as our second illustration shows. Last, but not least, we see in No. 8 the picture of a celebrated black Labrador, whose portrait has already appeared in COUNTRY LIFE on a former occasion, when he was depicted giving an exhibition of one of his most remarkable accomplish-

ments, which is that of landing trout in his mouth when hooked and played on his master's rod. So much by way of introduction, but the important point is to learn from his own lips what so accomplished an owner thinks on the much-controverted subject of the breaking of dogs. For this purpose we got Captain Radclyffe to jot down his views on paper, and we now give them *verbatim et literatim*:

"In my opinion there is to-day too much stick or whip used in the breaking of young dogs by many keepers and professional dog-breakers. My own endeavours have always been directed rather with the idea of instilling as much common-sense as possible into a young dog, and that can only be done by kindness and the constant companionship of



Copyright AN INTELLIGENT INTEREST IN THE PROCEEDINGS. "C.L."

the dog's master. The most intelligent dogs I have ever owned have been those which lived with me, often by night and day,

watching everything that went on around them, and learning a lot of the humours and conversation of human beings owing to their constant association with them. Certain determined young dogs there are which are wild by nature, and a modicum of stick judiciously applied early in their career is often a necessity. 'Spare the rod and spoil the child' does not as a rule apply to the young idea in the dog line. Nothing is easier than to thrash all the heart and spirit out of a young dog. Once this is done, no amount of kindness afterwards will replace what is lost. Such a dog has an innate distrust of coming near a man, even after



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having correctly retrieved anything for which it may be sent. He will often bring the game to within a few yards of his

master, and then deposit it on the ground, but no amount of coaxing will induce him to bring up to hand. For this, he thinks, will entail the inevitable thrashing which he expects. A good substitute for the stick or whip has been long adopted by the writer, and although at first sight the device may look to be somewhat cruel, the dog suffers nothing worse than getting very blown and tired, and the remedy for this is simple and speedy. If the dog runs in, loosen its collar about two or three holes, then take one of the fore legs and pass the foot through the collar as far as the first joint of the leg. The leg is thus supported by the collar under the dog's neck, and consequently he has only three legs to run on. Thus handicapped a dog will at first often lie down and sulk for a time, or roll and fall about in a temper. Very soon, however,



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he will get up and follow behind his master. Then keep on walking and tire the dog a bit. The result will generally be that he will soon give up attempting to run in, although I have known hardened and confirmed sinners give chase to a hare on three legs. If the dog remains staunch at a few shots, take his leg down again. If he runs in again, up goes his leg, and very shortly he will learn to know the cause and effect. This is a far more merciful and effective method of steadying a wild dog than beating him black and blue.

"Many people find a difficulty in getting the young dogs at first to pick up and bring anything. Some young dogs will do this naturally from their earliest days of puppyhood. Others will not. For these latter the aid of an old dog should be requisitioned. Nothing is much better to commence with than a lawn tennis ball. If the puppy sees the old dog constantly running and retrieving the ball, on a lawn, or some open place, it will soon become seized with the idea of emulating the older dog's performance. Once this lesson is learnt, the first stage is passed. Another common difficulty is to get young dogs to bring well up to hand. The tendency of every puppy is to play with everything after it has once taken it up in its mouth. It will often pick up a thing and throw it about from side to side by shaking its head. The best cure for this is, as soon as the puppy has picked up whatever it is sent for, turn and run away from it, calling it by name, when it will generally run right up to you with the thing in its mouth. Make much of it, and repeat the performance a few times, but not too often on any one day, and another lesson will have been learnt.

"A hard-mouthed dog is a curse, and a gun-shy dog is (to put it mildly) the devil. The first thing may sometimes be cured, the second is never cured if the dog is a confirmed shy one. Many and various are the remedies suggested by various dog-breakers as a cure for a hard-mouthed puppy. But the whole of these ideas in a concentrated form devolve into giving a young dog something to pick up which hurts when it is pinched. Such a thing as a rabbit's skin stuffed, and plentifully besprinkled with pins or other sharp-pointed instruments inserted through the skin, is very effective in making the puppy careful about how he picks up a second one, and, if used in time, this kind of artificially-made hedgehog may have the desired result of developing a soft mouth. The best cure I know for a gun-shy dog is a charge of shot in the head at about five paces distance."

A RECORD-BREAKING MONTH.

IT appeared as though the weather of 1904, unlike that of 1903, was going to exhibit no great individuality or peculiar qualities of its own. But November determined that it should be otherwise, and, as none of the preceding months had achieved anything remarkable, it, at all events, would do something to extricate 1904 from mediocrity. And so it happened that the eleventh month of the year, after earning and obtaining general admiration for its very mild and almost genial behaviour until reaching middle age, suddenly changed its attitude. At first it demonstrated that, though recent Novembers had been so remiss as to encourage the belief that the good old-fashioned London fog might be considered a thing of the past, a really ambitious November could afford as magnificent and protracted a display of the genuine article as any of its predecessors; and then, having thus drawn the necessary additional attention to its prowess, it assumed a severity that is rarely equalled by the most bitterly-disposed January, and produced a frost that has no authentic parallel in November since meteorological observations have been conducted on an extended scale and scientific basis.

The severe weather began on the 22nd with a violent north and north-



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TWO WHITE RETRIEVERS. "COUNTRY LIFE."

west gale, accompanied by snow, which in some Northern districts almost equalled a trans-Atlantic blizzard. The quantity of snow that fell over large tracts of both mountain and valley was enormous, and has not often been exceeded. After the gale had subsided, the cold increased, and in most places the thermometer registered its lowest minimum during the night of the 24th-25th. The temperatures then recorded form a new November record for nearly the whole of the Midlands, the North and North-west of England, and various parts of Scotland. The lowest readings of the screened thermometer, 7deg. and 8deg., occurred at Braemar and Cambridge respectively, while at Hereford, Buckingham, Worcester, and Northwich it descended to 11deg. But other places were not far behind: Nottingham and Newark each recorded 13deg., Chester 15deg., and Oxford 17deg. In London the cold was less intense, and, as the frost wave travelled southward, the weather was coldest at the end of the week. The reading of 24deg. which was registered at the Brixton meteorological station was, however, lower than any during the whole of the preceding winter. The lowest November record at that spot is 19deg., and took place in the year 1879; so that the cold snap, severe as it was, failed to alter the metropolitan record. There are, of course, many instances of lower temperatures in the country than those of last month; but they were not experienced so early in the winter or, to speak more correctly, so late in the autumn as November.

Throughout all the meteorological districts into which Great Britain is divided the temperature for the week was 8deg., 9deg., or 10deg. below the normal for the time of year, and at some individual stations 11deg. or 12deg. There is, fortunately, nothing to justify the belief that a cold spell during November will be followed by an exceptionally long and severe winter. It must necessarily happen to be the case sometimes, and may prove to be so this year, but there is certainly no rule either one way or the other.

R. B. SARGEANT.

LONGEVITY OF BATS.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to enquire as to the age of bats, and how it can be ascertained. For settling such a question, there are very few data, animals of this kind not being usually kept as domestic pets. It is necessary, in answering it, to make a distinction between frugivorous and insectivorous bats. The former, which inhabit tropical or warm countries, and grow to a larger size,

have often been exhibited in menageries, and are very easy to feed. About their longevity we have a few data. The large Indian flying fox, *Pteropus medius*, has been kept for over eleven years in the Calcutta Zoological Gardens, according to Babu Sanyal, who has published an excellent handbook on the management of animals in captivity; whilst an example of the same species has lived in our Zoological Gardens for over seventeen years (from October, 1863, to November, 1880), as I am informed by Mr. R. I. Pocock, the superintendent, and its age on arrival was unknown. Numerous examples of the collared fruit bat, *Cynonycteris collaris*, have been born in our gardens; one of them lived from 1876



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TWO OF THE FINISHED ARTICLE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

to 1885, whilst another specimen, born in March, 1897, is still alive.

Insectivorous bats are more difficult to keep in confinement, and have seldom been shown, for a short time, in Zoological Gardens. But a few amateurs in France have attempted to keep these on the whole uninteresting captives. M. Rollinat, at Argenton, has devoted much time to these animals, which he has succeeded in keeping for several years, but he does not say how many; in fact, there does not appear to exist any published record of the time any of our small bats have lived in captivity, and it would be highly desirable to possess such a record, as, so far as we are aware, there are no data upon which to fix, even approximately, the longevity of any of our insectivorous bats. As is well known, these animals resort in the daytime, and through the winter, to caves, wells, hollow trees, roofs of old buildings, etc., and it would be a comparatively easy matter for a naturalist residing within a small distance of their haunts to keep an eye on a number of individuals, and by marking them by means of a small wire round the ankle, or by any other method, to ascertain the duration of their life, and thus fill a gap in our knowledge of the life-history of our indigenous bats. This is an investigation which I strongly recommend to the *curious natura*.

There is little or nothing to add to the foregoing statement made by Mr. Boulenger. He is one of many to whom we forwarded a copy of the question asked by Mme. Duclaux, and all the answers are in the same strain. A few facts are known about the age of frugivorous bats; nothing about those that are insect eating. As to their being long or short lived, opinion is based on inference. One very careful observer writes: "I believe that the bat's life



is a very short one, but I only go on the fact that bats do not increase in numbers, and that one very often sees a dead bat lying about the garden or lane, and dying bats clinging about the ivy." Others judge by the analogy offered by other small mammals. Mice, shrews, and rats are certainly short lived. Curiously enough, there does not seem to be any English folk-lore bearing on the subject either. Miss Peachy, however, sends us an excerpt from *Blackwood's Magazine* for 1823, which shows that the bat shared with the frog in the superstition that it could sustain life for centuries shut up in a tree or log. Here is the quotation: "In the beginning of November, 1821, a woodman engaged in splitting timber for rails in the woods close to the lake at Haining, a seat of Mr. Pringle, in Selkirkshire, discovered in the centre of a large wild cherry tree a living bat, of a bright scarlet colour, which, as soon as it was relieved from its entombment, took to its wings and escaped. In the tree there was a recess sufficiently large to contain the animal; but all around the wood was perfectly sound, solid, and free from any fissure through which the atmosphere could reach the animal." "A man employed in the same manner at Kelsall, in December, 1826, met with a similar phenomenon, and allowed the bat to escape, under the influence of fear, protesting that it was not a 'being of this world.'"

The same contributor reminds us that the belief was shared in by Thomas Brown, one of the many editors of Gilbert White, who says, in a footnote to the "Natural History of Selborne": "During the hibernation of animals, a temporary stagnation or suspension of active life ensues; their temperature becomes diminished and the circulation of the blood slower, respiration

less frequent and sometimes entirely suspended, the action of their stomach and digestive organs is also suspended, and the irritability and sensibility of the muscular and nervous powers are greatly diminished. Heat and air are the only agencies which rouse them from their death-like lethargy. Judging from the circumstances of toads, lizards, and bats being found alive in solid rocks and in the centre of trees, this torpidity may endure the lapse of ages without the extinction of life."

And this exhausts the information we have been able to obtain.

CORRESPONDENCE.

A TWILIGHT RIDE.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I feel sure that there must be amongst the readers of COUNTRY LIFE many who, like myself, appreciate to the full the various charms of a quiet ride on their bicycle in the first hush of the summer gloaming, and I do not think I have ever seen any picture which so beautifully portrays one of those solitary evening rides as the charming photograph taken by Mr. E. Kelsey of Eastbourne, which, through the courtesy of a friend, I am enabled to send for your inspection. Of course, the mad rush and hum of a smooth-running bicycle driven at speed by a strong rider in the pink of condition has an attraction which is all its own; but if any of my brother cyclists have never tried for themselves the experience of a quiet ride at an easy pace on a summer's night, I should like to ask them to do so whenever they get the opportunity; and I venture to say that the experiment will be repeated. Hesitatingly and coyly faint puffs of perfumed air caress one's face as one glides noiselessly and without an effort past the flower-laden banks and hedges; the moon throws her changing, silvery light over the shadowy fields; gradually the night world awakens, and its thousand mysterious voices fill the air; somehow one gets nearer to Nature, and it is well to be alone in her presence.—T. B.

A WHITE BLACKBIRD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—For some time past, I noticed a blackbird in our garden, which seemed almost white. I set a rod bird-trap, and succeeded in catching it, during the recent snow. It is a beautiful bird, more white than black, except the tail, and is getting very tame. Before being caught, I often watched it beat away every other bird that came near, even the largest thrush. Will you kindly let me know if this sort of blackbird is uncommon—this is the only one of that colour which has ever been seen in this part of the world.—N. MCCARRICK, Ireland.

THE ATTRACTIONS OF CANADA.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Whatever reasons may have led your correspondent Mr. Williams, an Englishman, to prefer residence in the New England States to Canada, his recommendation to others to go and do likewise is hardly to be trusted when he proceeds to emphasise his advice by discrediting, with all the prejudice and exaggeration of an envious foreigner, one of the fairest and most promising portions of the British Empire, namely, the North-West Territories of Canada. But it is to be hoped by this time that the oft-repeated falsehood of a "winter temperature for six months mostly 40deg. below zero," and like efforts of the imagination, will no longer take in the Englishman at home, and that Mr. Williams's invitation to him to settle in New England will be received with the caution it deserves. I may remark, incidentally, that, Mr. Williams's views notwithstanding, some 50,000 farmers from the United States have crossed over into these terrible North-West Territories during the present year. Mr. Williams should know from his residence in Canada that there are other portions of the Dominion where those desiring to find conditions obtaining in well-settled districts, and all conveniences of modern life, can be accommodated in Eastern Canada; and, comparing like with like, nowhere are these conditions to be secured in fuller measure or more economically than in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. In any of these provinces improved freehold farms of 100 to 200 acres in extent, with good buildings, can be had at from £200 to £500, according to situation and state of cultivation. Further particulars, and full information from those possessing knowledge of the provinces, can be had from the representatives of these provinces in London, and also from the office of the High Commissioner for Canada, 17, Victoria Street, S.W. May I suggest, in all courtesy, that the British newspapers ought to stay their hand in giving assistance towards colonisation of foreign countries, as long as so many parts of the British Empire offer excellent advantages for any who find it necessary, for one reason or another, to remove from the old land. I enclose my card.—ANGLO-CANADIAN.

A NIGHT WATCHMAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Most people have often seen the small shelter and the burning brazier which provide the watchers through the night with warmth and shelter, but perhaps in the hurry and rush of the crowded streets not all of them will have realised the utter loneliness of the night watchman, when the streets are empty and silence has fallen on the crowded city; but the excellent picture



which Mr. Kelsey of Eastbourne has been enabled to take, is so full of pathos and a quiet dignity of its own, that I hope you will find space in which to show it to your readers. One cannot help being reminded of the old song, "Of what is the old man thinking?" and one wonders what he sees throughout the long and weary hours of his watch. Somehow or other one almost hears the noiseless pad of the shoeless foot, as a worn and weary outcast emerges from the darkness, and slinks shyly up to the glowing brazier for a moment's warmth and light. I do not think the old man will drive the outcast away, and I wonder if I might venture to remind any of your readers that the season is close at hand when we might perhaps do some little thing to alleviate the lot of even one of these poverty-stricken waifs.—T. B.

THE ALARM.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I am sending you what I venture to think is quite a successful picture of some geese, taken by Miss E. L. Turner, for which I hope you may find room in some corner of COUNTRY LIFE. The old gander has been "caught" in a moment of challenge and alarm, and from the masculine vigour of his attitude, and the superb spread of his wings, he appears to be no unworthy descendant of the birds of old whose timely warning saved the Capitol of Rome from the stealthy inrush of the invading hordes; and I think you will notice also that, whatever may have been the cause of alarm, the lady geese appear to be divided between admiration for, and confidence in, their lord and master. In many parts of the country, as your readers well know, the rearing of geese forms quite a considerable part of the economy of the cottager or small tenement holder, while on larger holdings the habits of the herds of geese are most interesting to observe; for, tame as they are, they still retain the habits and wariness of their wild brethren. While the flock is feeding, the sentinels are on guard, and at the word of command from the leading gander the flock form up for flight or defence, and many a comic sight may be witnessed when some bad-tempered old gander sets up his feathers and rushes to the fray with the hiss of a serpent in his throat, and drives some quite inquisitive little blue-eyed maid to seek refuge in her mother's arms.—N. F.

TEMMINCK'S STINT.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—The visits of Temminck's stint (*Tringa Temminckii*) to this country are so infrequent, that the occurrence of an adult male and a young female on the 24th ult. may be of interest. They were feeding with a ringed dotterel and a dunlin, on the grassy edge of a tidal creek, but were very shy, and on rising separated from their companions. On the wing they appeared to be about one-

fourth the size of the dunlin, and flew very swiftly, with a plaintive low whistle. It was blowing hard from the north-west, with sleet and snow showers. I presume the mildness of the year, until that week, had induced them to remain in their summer quarters until this late date, and that they were only then on their journey South. The redshank, ringed dotterel, and pied wagtail, visitors which generally leave here in August, are this year staying on; whereas the hooded crow arrived unusually early; September 23rd, a month at least before his time. Last week I noticed a specimen of *Larus ridibundus* with the complete dark hood of summer, a premature assumption of the spring plumage no doubt induced by the atmospheric conditions. I relate with pleasure the local increase of the kingfisher, for the number of which Southwold and neighbourhood used to be noted, but until the last year or two they have been practically extinct; may their increase be proportionate to their beauty.—STANLEY EDWARDS.

CAN ANIMALS REASON?

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In his letter to COUNTRY LIFE of November 5th, on the above subject, Mr. A. Meek, referring to the bot-fly, states: "The latter does not cause the least disturbance to the horse when depositing her eggs." My experience is quite the reverse of this. During fifteen years on ranches in North-West America, I must have killed hundreds of bot-flies against the legs and bodies of horses. I have always found that horses were very intolerant of bot-flies, and have often noticed that a horse will not feed when they are hovering about it. The horse watches them constantly in a most characteristic manner, and gives the occasional violent start mentioned by Mr. E. Kay Robinson in his instructive article "Can Animals Reason?" Of course some horses are affected to a much greater extent than others. I now possess a white mare which, during the summer, has periodic fits of trotting about with her neck stretched out, and head held close to the ground, in ridiculous fashion. Persons who have witnessed her behaviour have told me that she was "locoed," i.e., had eaten of the poisonous loco weed, which sends horses crazy. Repeated examination of the mare has shown, however, that her agitation is caused by a bot-fly which persistently threatens the hollow under her jaw, called the jowl. When the pest has been destroyed the mare resumes her normal demeanour. I have never seen a bot-fly alight on a horse; the insect hovers two or three inches from the end of the hair, and is best killed by striking it against the animal with the palm of the hand. Bot-flies are most persevering, and after being knocked down will, if still able to fly, at once recommence operations. They are exceedingly common here, and five or six may be busy around a horse at once—many horses having the fore legs coloured yellow from their eggs. While, to the best of my knowledge, the grubs do no harm to the health of the horse, everybody tries to kill bot-flies in Montana, as they are supposed, in local parlance, to drive horses "plumb wild." This is the more extraordinary because, as pointed out by Mr. E. Kay Robinson, they do not sting. Some horses take but little notice of anything, but I cannot recollect having ever seen a horse which remained perfectly indifferent to the attentions of a bot-fly.—E. S. CAMERON, Montana, U.S.A.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have seen Mr. A. Meek's letter in your issue of the 3rd inst., and in reply thereto beg to state again that the insect which I saw (and which I have now before me on a pin), was, and is, *Gastrophilus equi*, and not one of the blood-sucking *Tabanidae*. I observe that Mr. Meek evades a direct reply as to whether he is acquainted with horses which are "not in the least disturbed by the presence of *Gastrophilus equi*," but quotes instead from Fleming's translation of Neumann. Although I have quoted scientific authority which diametrically contradicts this, I do not rely upon printed statements, but upon personal experience; and I am acquainted with more than a score of horses which, between the months of May and September especially, are frequently much disturbed by the presence of *Gastrophilus equi*. Here, so far as I am concerned, this correspondence will cease.—E. KAY ROBINSON.

